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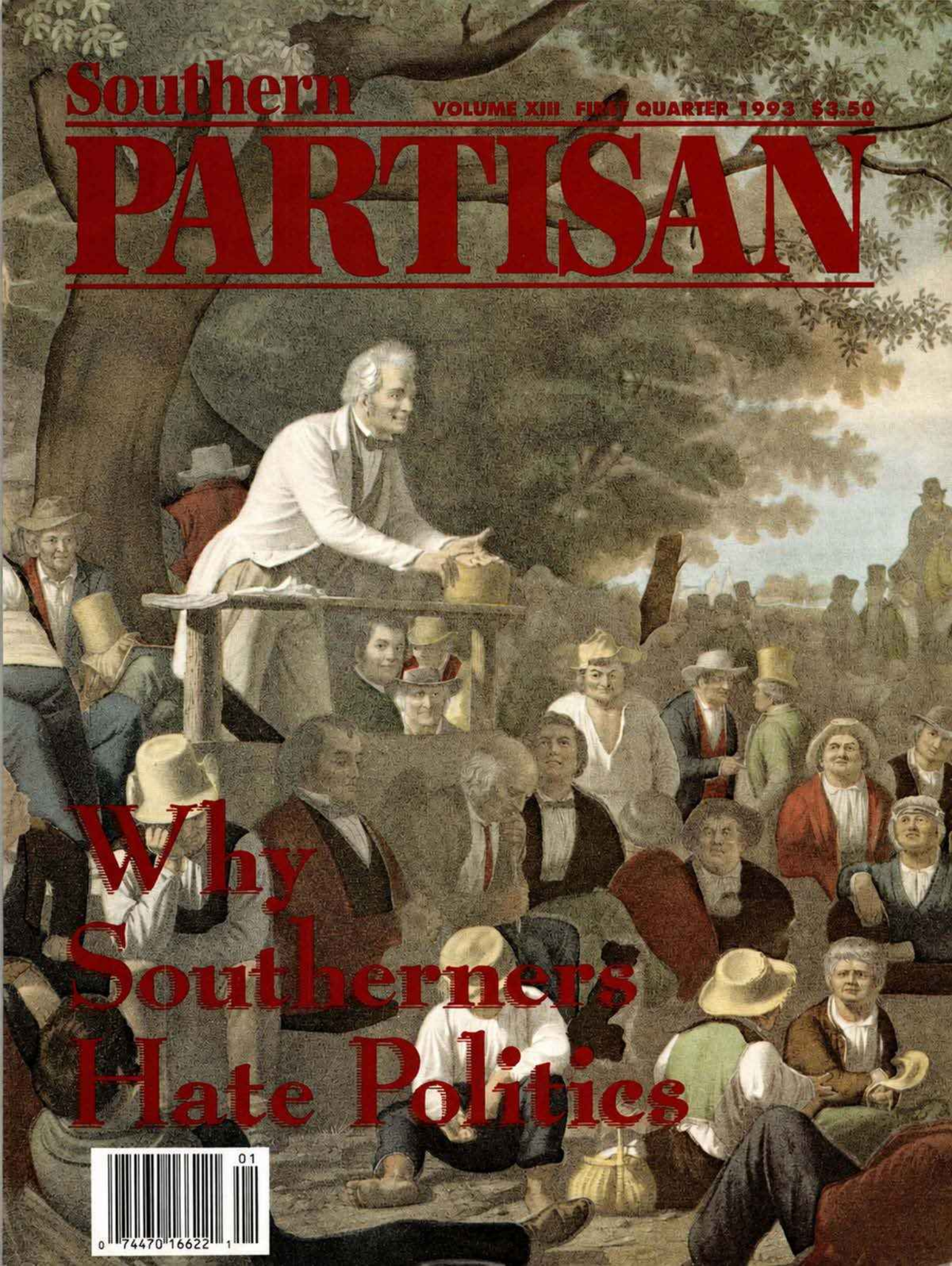
PARTISAN



Why Southerners Hate Politics

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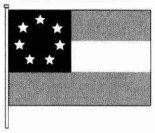

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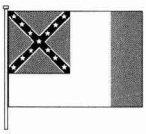

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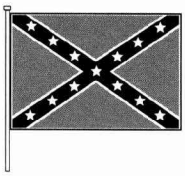

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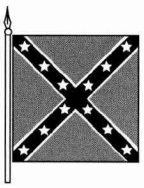

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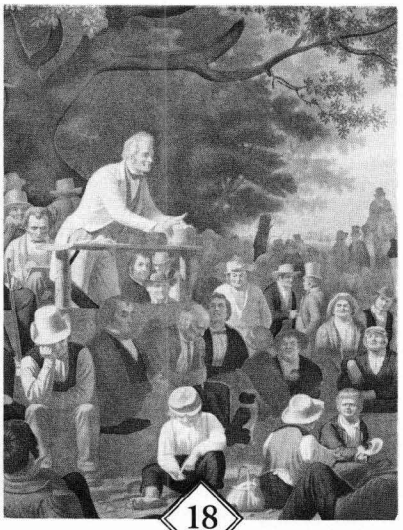

18

26

30

Volume XIII • First Quarter 1993

CONTENTS

Cover

18 Why Southerners Hate Politics
L.W. May carefully considers a number of theories for the decline of Southern politics only to conclude that though much of the problem is our own fault, "we've assimilated about as many Yankees as we can and still retain our sanity."

Features

26 Savannah Finally Recognizes Miss O'Connor
Tyler Norman is glad to learn first hand that polite Savannah society is finally beginning to recover from Flannery O'Connor's novel *Wise Blood*, published in 1952.

30 Partisan Conversation: Bobby Horton
Shelby Foote, then playwright Horton Foote, now musician Bobby Horton. (This sequence is purely unintentional, please believe us!)

Criticus

CRITICUS *ON TOUR*
36 Confederates Below The Southern Cross
Bonnie Sue Dilworth Jacobs takes us along as she finds Confederate roots and long lost kin in a most unlikely place—Vila Americana, Brazil.

CRITICUS *BOOKS*
38 Social Science Nimrod by Tommy Rogers
Reviewed: Walter A. Jackson's *Gunnar Myrdal and America's Conscience: Social Engineering and Racial Liberalism, 1938–1987*

40 The Pennsylvania Confederate by Brenan Nierman
Reviewed: Michael Ballard's *Pemberton*

Columns and Departments

2 **Partisan Letters**
5 **Partisan View** *Richard Quinn*
6 **Trivium** *P. J. Byrnes*
7 **From Behind Enemy Lines** *Gordon Jackson*
8 **Obiter Dicta**
11 **Scalawag Award**
12 **Partisan 'Toons**
14 **CSA Today**
42 **Booknotes** *Bryant Burroughs*
45 **Southern Sampler** *William Freehoff*
45 **Anguished English** *Richard Lederer*
46 **The Smoke Never Clears** *Rod Gragg*
48 **Dividing Line** *Pat Buchanan*
49 **Classified**

Cover Illustration: "Stump Speaking" by G.C. Bingham

Southern
PARTISAN

"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South..."
—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 9, 1927

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Rates: The annual subscription rate is $14.00, with a single issue price of $3.50. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add $4.00 to the annual rate ($1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add $8.00 to the annual rate ($2.00 to the single issue rate).
Correspondence: Please address all correspondence, including Letters to the Editor, to *Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. Manuscripts: *Southern Partisan* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be typed, double spaced. Return guaranteed only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Advertising Inquiries: Contact Oran Smith or Alicia LeJeune at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211, (800) 264-2559. *Copyright 1993 by The Southern Partisan Corporation.* All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor or publisher. *Southern Partisan* (ISSN 0739-1714) is published quarterly for $14.00 per year by The Southern Partisan Corporation, 1600 Gervais Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29201. Second Class postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211.

PARTISAN letters

THIRD PARTY?

Gentlemen:

I believe we share the same philosophy. It seems that the Republicans have decided that the only way to regain the White House is to pander to the Democrats. They want to reduce the influence of the Conservatives and the Religious Right.

They still haven't gotten it as far as the South is concerned. You and I know the only reason we vote Republican is because we view it as the lesser of two evils. In other words, they have been perceived to kow tow and pander less. Both of my great grandfathers fought for Southern Independence and would turn over in their graves if they knew I voted for the party of Lincoln.

We need now or never to form a third party. Ross Perot ran his campaigns like an escapee from a mental hospital and still got 20% of the vote. Think of what we could do with Pat Buchanan or someone of equal stature. It would certainly get my financial support.

J.L. Jacobs
Salisbury, North Carolina

CHRISTIAN NATION?

Gentlemen:

In CSA Today (*Southern Partisan*, Volume XII Third Quarter) you pointed out that Governor Kirk Fordice of Mississippi got himself into hot water by saying that the United States is a "Christian nation." Although I am myself not a Christian, I do not find the statement the least bit upsetting — yet I do not believe that it is so.

Most certainly we are a primarily Christian society, but to say that we are a Christian nation implies certain legal and organic links between State and Church that we do not have. To illustrate: countries such as Austria and Spain are, most emphatically, Christian nations in the sense that Catholicism is the state religion and that certain privileges are granted both to the Catholic Church and to its communicants. Great Britain, with its Established church, could also be described as a Christian nation, but to a lesser degree.

The article then poses this question: Since Israel, with its 83% Jewish population is a Jewish state, does it not follow that America, with its' 86% Christian population, is a Christian nation? The answer is "no" because it is not a question of numbers, it is a question of legal framework. Israel is a Jewish nation because its constitution declares it to be such. America is not a Christian nation for the good and simple reason that its constitution explicitly forbids it to be such.

Since *Southern Partisan* attaches great weight to tradition, may I be allowed to invoke one that bears on this question. In the early 1800s when America was obliged to negotiate with the (Muslim) Dey of Algiers, our representatives went out of their way to point out that America as a nation had no formal or legal connection with the Christian religion.

Richard G. Phillips
Pepperell, Massachusetts

HERITAGE DEFENSE

Gentlemen:

Hundreds of thousands of young men fought and died under her colors, yet the Confederate Battle Flag is portrayed as a shame and an affront to black dignity.

Gone with the Wind portrays a colorful South where Negroes sang and toiled in the cotton fields. Remove it from school libraries as well as the Library of Congress. Replace it with *Roots* and *Mandingo*.

Jefferson Davis was a rebel leader. Sell his home in Biloxi and convert it into a hotel or casino and get rid of that rebel graveyard also.

In the late 1700s a group of people decided to be free of an oppressive government. They won their war. To this day we still celebrate George Washington, Ben Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and many more American heroes. Roughly one hundred years later, another group of people felt the weight of an oppressive government and severed ties with their Northern neighbors. War erupted and the new nation lost. Its heritage and heroes are branded evil and condemned to the dark recesses.

Prior to the Emancipation Proclamation, slavery was common in the North as well as South. At the time of his proclamation, Lincoln was president of the federal North and had no legal authority over the Confederacy of Southern States. Thus, until the conclusion of the war between the two countries, slavery was legal in the Confederacy. Thus, until their "forced" repatriation, Southern slave owners could not have been lawbreakers. History also proves the proclamation was conceived only after the yankee president feared France would enter the war in support of the Confederacy and was contested heavily by rich yankee slave holders. Where does this leave the "great Emancipator" and the "freedom for all" yankees of the era?

The liberals of today are hellbent to mollycoddle a segment of society while, at the same time, destroying the pristine history and heritage of the South. The "lawmakers" epitomize the carpet-baggers of the past. Southern Partisans (patriots) must exercise their rights under the yankee constitution. Speak out against the injustices of these discriminatory laws. Support elected officials who strive to preserve our heritage and replace those lackeys who lack the intestinal fortitude with southern rights activists.

Frank C. Brockmeyer
Biloxi, Mississippi

★ Live from Oxford

Gentlemen:

Back in November at the Ole Miss-Mississippi State football game, Langston Rogers, Athletic Director at the University of Mississippi, was being interviewed by a Memphis TV station. In the crowd surrounding them was an Ole Miss fan holding a [Confederate] Battle Flag. Rogers grabbed the flag from the fan's hands and threw it on the ground, all on camera. He immediately made a lot of enemies for Ole Miss.

As you know, the Battle Flag has been banned from the campus of Ole Miss, along with the singing of "Dixie." The Battle Flag was adopted by Ole Miss to honor the senior class that was killed during the War Between The States.

When are we going to take a stand and say "No More"?

Gaines B. Smith
Batesville, Mississippi

★ Thanks Al!

Gentlemen:

This letter is in response to the letter written by Carroll E. Simcox of North Carolina [attacking George Bush and *Southern Partisan*] (*Southern Partisan*, Third Quarter, 1992).

I must say that I agree that George Bush's campaign left something to be desired, but, as a native Arkansan, I think I am uniquely qualified to say that Bush is a far more respectable man than that Reconstructed Southerner who now sits in The Oval Office, and more respectable that Clinton's Scalawag wife. This is stated with full knowledge that Bush is a [Connecticut] Yankee.

Simcox also stated that *Southern Partisan* is not representative of the Southern people he knows. Ha! It sure is representative of the Southern people I know, because the Southern people I know have not forgotten that they were conquered by an invading horde. Dixie was raped by Uncle Sam, and forced into a shotgun marriage, yet now she is expected to forget all that and live happily ever after!

The Southern people I know were educated in public schools that indoctrinated them into the Yankee myth of history but cannot completely accept it as truth. Even those who outwardly accept it seem to have an unconscious sense that it is wrong. I can only thank God that this is true of the younger generation as well as the older.

Years of indoctrination have caused the repression of Southern pride, but this repression can quite easily be cured by introducing a repressed Southerner to the *Southern Partisan*. That's what Southerners need, they need someone to show them that they were right after all.

The causes of the war and the issues we fought over were not settled by Yankee victory. They have not been relegated to the pages of history. They are at the very heart of what is wrong with America today and the only way to cure the ills of the Union will be to address them once again. The problems faced by the Union today are the result of Lincoln's so called "new birth of freedom." The centralization that he set loose caused the U.S. government to grow ever larger and more powerful until now it seeks to control everything and regulate all the aspects of life. We are not far now from totalitarianism. When it does arrive, and the people finally realize it, let them know that they have Lincoln to thank. Though eliminating one form of slavery, he created another far more hideous.

The South had every legal and moral right to secede from the Union. Therefore, the Confederate States were a legal sovereign enti-

ty, and not just some fancy name for a rebel group. This being so, the invasion carried out by the United States was a blatant violation of international law. This means that the C.S. are still a nation today, albeit a conquered one. The U. S. has no legal authority or jurisdiction, no territorial claim to the South, and its control over the South is illegitimate. While other nations around the world are throwing off the yoke of foreign rule, it's sad that the South has not yet done so.

Let all those who accuse *Southern Partisan* of "keeping old wounds fresh and bleeding" realize that those wounds were inflicted by a War Criminal whose marauding bands of thieves and bandits left a blood soaked trail of scorched earth across the heart of the South all the way to the sea. Those old wounds cannot be healed by attempting to brainwash Southern children into Yankeeism.

Southern Partisan deserves the highest praise for addressing the issues that few others have the good sense to acknowledge.

Allen B. Wilson
Jessieville, Arkansas

Giving Directions

Gentlemen:

In your literature you asked "How do I stand?" The following should answer that question for you.

First of all, I am a North Carolinian and very proud of my state. I am also a Civil War buff and a veteran of 24 years military service. I have lived in 7 states and have been in 22 foreign countries. But in the end, I came back to where I belong—North Carolina.

Although North Carolina was one of the last states to secede, once its mind was made up, it contributed more troops and material to the war effort than any other state. It also had the highest casualty rate. That in itself says something about "us folks." Although I do not believe in radical groups, i.e., Nazis, Communists, white hate groups, NAACP, and ACLU, I do like the Confederate Flag. It is the only other flag that ever flew in this country other than the stars and stripes. It is part of this country's history and heritage whether anyone likes it (nowadays) or not. It is history! If I were the governor of Georgia or any state whose state flag incorporated the Confederate Flag and someone didn't like it, I would simply direct them to find a state to live in whose flag was not offensive.

William E. Chauncey
Grifton, North Carolina

W.J. Bryan Lives

Gentlemen:

While I dislike ascribing motives to any man the conclusion cannot be escaped that His Excellency, Governor Zell Miller, by appointments, words and deeds continues his noxious practice of pandering to and cultivating a constituency by crucifying merit and tradition upon a cross of politically expedient "diversity." Thanks for your efforts to "stem the tide."

Albert D. Crenshaw
Atlanta, Georgia

Cheerful Giver

Gentlemen:

My husband and I have known this couple for 30 years or more—we were always close friends—and I would have sworn they would love *Southern Partisan*. So I gave them a subscription for Christmas a couple of years ago. I never received an acknowledgement or a "thank you," so the next time I saw them I asked the wife if they received the subscription, and she said "Yes." I asked "Did you enjoy it?" She gave me a disdainful look, stuck her nose in the air and sniffed, "Well, it was just a little too conservative for our taste."

I don't know what came over these people. I guess it's because they went off to the University and became contaminated by all the Politically Correct intellectuals.

Well phooey on them—needless to say, they're no longer our friends.

So, this genuinely unreconstructed rebel will just renew her own subscription—no matter when it's due. I am a seventh-generation Georgian—had several ancestors who fought in the War Between the States—and I'm a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—Gen. James Longstreet Chapter.

Mrs. E. Harold Hampton
Dahlonega, Georgia

Hoosier Hero

Gentlemen:

There is a high school in our neighboring town, of Muncie, Indiana, called the Southside "Rebels." Throughout the school's history, the Confederate Flag has been displayed at ball games and school events with pride.

Recently, however, the school board and city administrators banned the flag as a school symbol and proposed a name change from the "Rebels" to the "Cannoneers." Students have protested this action to no avail.

Although Indiana is a northern state, there are a lot of us Hoosiers with southern roots. I myself am an original Kentucky rebel and have ancestors who fought for the South in Missouri. I'm relieved to find out that there are still brothers out there who are willing to carry on in the face of adversity.

My grandson (I'm 42) will see me buried with the Stars and Bars draped across my casket, and will be presented with the flag as a remembrance of me. No misguided politician or political activist group can prevent that. Good luck to you.

Roger Helbling
Anderson, Indiana

PARTISAN view

The Stonewall of the Senate
by Richard Quinn

South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, at the age of 90, once again rises as a champion of the South, at a time when most of the younger men who represent the region in the U.S. Senate seem to suffer from rheumatism of the fortitude.

Now that the senate has its first black woman in the person of Carol Moseley-Braun, most of the members of that chamber appear to be politically intimidated by her presence, as if opposing her on any issue, no matter how stupid her proposal, would appear to be an insult both to blacks and to women. Therefore, she is, like the naked emperor, allowed to make a fool of herself on a daily basis while most of her colleagues coo admiringly. Not so Strom Thurmond, and therein lies a story. Here is what is now afoot:

This year, the design patent for the logo of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (UDC) is up for renewal. The organization was founded in 1894, and, for the past 99 years, the patent has been routinely renewed by the Congress every 14 years without opposition. Until now.

In April of this year, Sen. Moseley-Braun announced that she would fight reauthorization of the logo on the grounds that the UDC "celebrates...an effort that sought the continuation of slavery." (Her opposition incidentally ties up a bill needed to reauthorize the use of other patents, including one held by Proctor and Gamble for a $1 billion snack food enterprise.)

Upon hearing of the Senator's opposition, a spokesman for the UDC responded immediately. "This just blows my mind," Mrs. Tommie LaCavera of Athens, Georgia said. She is president general of the UDC, which has always been a quiet and civilized group of ladies who do much good work in education and public service. "Why someone would think there is something wrong with us is beyond me."

After expressing disappointment that the newly elected Democrat from Illinois would attack the UDC without making any effort to find out what the organization does, Mrs. LaCavera explained politely that the UDC is a nonprofit, nonpolitical group that gives scholarships, helps the needy, promotes historical monuments and has "nothing whatsoever to do with slavery." Unmoved, an aide for Sen. Moseley-Braun said her boss would not soften her position. "As long as the Daughters of the Confederacy is attached to the bill, the Senator cannot support it." Thus the stage is set for a battle before the Judiciary Committee and on the floor of the Senate.

In the Senate, Ms. Moseley-Braun's statement was unchallenged by those who were readily available to comment. Strom Thurmond, who had only a few days earlier lost his 22 year-old daughter in a tragic accident, was at home with his family. Just as he has so many times in his life, he responded to the call and defended not only the daughters of the old Confederacy but the dignity of the values the group continues to represent for our time.

"I see no reason why this patent should not be renewed," Thurmond said. "The United Daughters of the Confederacy is an outstanding philanthropic organization. It not only renders many services to our nation's veterans, but also a large number of scholarships for women over the age of 30 who wish to continue their education." In short, he made it clear that he was ready to fight to defend the ladies who descend from the warriors of the Confederacy and, by extension, to defend the integrity of the ancestry of the South.

Strom Thurmond's willingness to take a stand for the UDC, even at a time when he was suffering such a profound personal tragedy, is not only the most recent measure of this extraordinary man. At so many times during this century, Strom Thurmond has reflected the soul of his region and his state manfully, with courage and force. His is the only senator ever to be elected by a write-in; the only senator to run for president as a Dixiecrat; the first prominent Southern Democrat to switch political parties as a matter of principle, causing, by his leadership, the base of the GOP to shift below the Mason-Dixon line; the senate's most outspoken anti-Communist at a time when anti-Communism wasn't in vogue; and one of the few members of either house of the Congress who understands the meaning of states' rights. The list goes on and on.

This past March, over a thousand dignitaries gathered in Washington to celebrate, belatedly, Senator Thurmond's 90th birthday (he was actually born on December 5). Among those who toasted him was an adversary, Joe Biden of Delaware, who compared Strom Thurmond to Stonewall Jackson. Few men living could survive the comparison.

Richard Nixon, on hand for the birthday celebration, took an international view. "Poland," he said, "is now free. Warsaw is a free city...That would not have happened if it had not been for people like Strom Thurmond." Nixon was both right and wrong: right because Thurmond is indeed a champion for freedom everywhere; wrong, because there are no other people like Strom Thurmond. Although she is not likely to do so, Senator Moseley-Braun would do well to withdraw her objection to the UDC if for no other reason than that Strom Thurmond is an honorary member. ☆

TRIVIUM *by P.J. Byrnes*

The Roots of the Verdict in L.A.

For those who choose not to take the long view of history, the dissolution of American society is a puzzling phenomenon. But for Southerners who study the past, the present is much easier to understand. Much of what is happening today is the ultimate and perhaps inevitable outcome of the North's victory in the War Between the States. At that moment in our nation's history, the federal government assumed a role in the lives of citizens that the Founding Fathers never intended; and the results have been a growing usurpation of local sovereignty, the rise of moral anarchy, and political absolutism. We have seen only the latest evidence of arbitrary centralized power in the "civil rights" conviction of two Los Angeles police officers for the beating of Rodney King. Whatever the merits of the case, the manner in which these men were tried is a legal scandal, a closet drama that shows us how far we have come down the road toward executive tyranny.

Remember that this second trial was not mandated by the justice system. It was arbitrarily ordered by the President of the United States. According to George Bush's own account, he was sitting in the White House watching television with Barbara when the results of the first trial were flashed on the screen. He was so outraged at the verdict, so certain it was unjust, that he immediately called the Justice Department, and within an hour the foundation for a federal trial had been laid.

In other words, when the President of the United States doesn't like the outcome of a state jury system, he can challenge it with a telephone call and bring a federal case—all in the name of "civil rights." If you want to understand just how arbitrary and dictatorial this power can be, consider the following incidents:

*Yankel Rosenbaum, an Orthodox Jew, was stabbed on the streets of New York while surrounded by a crowd of black youths, angry because days earlier another Jew had accidentally killed a black child while driving through the neighborhood. As Rosenbaum was dying, he pointed out the man he was certain stabbed him. Police found a knife in the possession in the young black, and the blood matched that of Yankel Rosenbaum. However, despite this evidence, a predominantly black-Hispanic jury acquitted the defendant. You understand that the punk who stabbed Rosenbaum didn't merely hit him on the head with a club and leave photogenic bruises on his face. Rosenbaum is now *dead*. So where was George Bush's outrage at the verdict, his absolute sense of justice denied?

*In the District of Columbia, a young man was accused of killing an acquaintance in order to appropriate his Nissan transmission. The case for conviction seemed airtight. Witnesses established the facts. To most observers, the outcome was inevitable. Then, the jury rendered a verdict of—not guilty. According to reports, so astonished was the defendant at the result that he fell backwards in his chair. Now it's possible that he was indeed not guilty. However, a juror later wrote the judge and suggested that a new trial was in order. According to the letter, the jury had known the defendant was guilty, but the black membership didn't want to see another one of their own sent to prison. The contents of that juror's letter received prominent coverage in the nation's capital, but apparently the President was not sufficiently disturbed by possible injustice to order an investigation.

These policemen—officers Koon and Powell—have been convicted of a federal crime because an inordinately powerful person in the White House decided to intervene after watching a brief report on network television. The convicted officers face up to ten years in prison and fines of up to $250,000 all because George Bush knew better than the original jury what the outcome of the first trial should have been.

This is *tyranny*. There is no other word to describe it—and it happened as the result of more than a hundred years of growing contempt for the Constitution. This law—which gives the President of the United States the same sweeping power exercised by a Tudor monarch—would have been regarded by Confederate statesmen as a clear violation of the Tenth Amendment. The federal government, they would have said, has no right to intervene in trials over the use of excessive force by local policemen. Those are state matters, and a jury of their peers, after hearing every shred of evidence, acquitted all four officers of those charges. The fact that it is a federal statute that allows such abuse of authority doesn't make it right, any more than the legality of the Star Chamber made it an equitable court.

Officers Koon and Powell have probably never thought twice about the War Between the States or its consequences to their lives. But one thing is certain: They are the two latest casualties of the Battle of Gettysburg, and by no means the last to fall. ☆

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES *Washington Report*

Bill Clinton's Future...And Ours
by Gordon Jackson

As we go to press, Washington is bracing itself for the largest onslaught of homosexuals ever to descend upon one place. Bill Clinton's expected (bought and paid for) affirmation of solidarity with the legions of gay liberation—in town to flex their political muscle and, no doubt, commit sundry other unseemly acts of anatomical abuse—will be reflected in the polls as yet another low point in history's most rapid decline in popularity of any newly-elected president.

Clinton is the consummate political animal; his campaign to win election surely will be studied by school children for decades to come. But if he had been trying his level best to discover the issues that would destroy his popularity with swing voters and unite a Republican Party in disarray, he could not have come up with anything better than the two causes he has chosen to launch his presidency: forcing acceptance of homosexuals on mainstream America, and forcing a plateful of pork on a Congress newly sensitized by the electorate to the political perils of deficit spending.

It is said that Clinton was surprised by the vehement opposition he encountered in attempting to ram gays down the military's throat. I do not doubt that, given the environment in which he lives. I don't know what issues are propelling the public discourse out there in God's Country, but here behind enemy lines there is a single overriding concern: the manifest destiny of homosexual liberation. If a day goes by when I have not learned the latest about gay lib or the AIDS crisis, it is because I have not looked at a newspaper or turned on the television that day. *The Washington Post* has become indistinguishable from the *Washington Blade* (a homosexual advocacy paper distributed in local public libraries).

So it's little wonder that Clinton, always a droplet on the various tides of liberation, got suckered into leading with his biggest weakness. The brazen temerity of this draft-dodging, fast-talking mama's boy, who did everything he could to avoid military service, telling professional soldiers how they should run their business, is still a thing of wonderment. He may have the title Commander-in-Chief, but he doesn't have the stature to lead the military. If that wasn't painfully apparent to everyone before the election, it certainly is now.

Before passing from the subject of sodomite solidarity, I want to alert *Southern Partisan* readers to one of Washington's favorite little competitions—head counting at these various political demonstrations. There is no way you can know how many homosexuals show up for this shindig unless you come to Washington and count them. The distributors of politically correct news will probably put the count at around a million. A more accurate estimate I suspect would be about ten percent of that, or less.

I can recall going to Earth Day and anti-abortion marches in 1990. The *Post* estimated the Earth Day throngs to be five times as numerous as the pro-life marchers. My own estimate was the converse of that. Such attempts to shape the news for political purposes are merely sport in Washington. Journalistic integrity is mostly a hoary memory around here.

Clinton also has felt compelled to get his other major political weakness—a perception that he is a slick political inside-trader—out front early on. His "stimulus" package, the first part of his economic program to be presented to Congress for a vote, is pure political payoff, a fact so transparent that even some of his own party members have been hesitant to sign on.

For Republicans, it has been a godsend. They are rock-solid in opposition in the Senate, all 43 of them—enough to keep a filibuster going indefinitely. It is the first such display of party unity on an important issue in many a year.

With the Bush administration's pusillanimity in budgetary matters now a thing of disgrace, Republicans seem ready to unite around the issue of downsizing government. The intellectual case is firmly in place with the enlistment of the enormously influential George Will, as noted in this column last issue. Jack Kemp is pretty much isolated now as the only Republican taking a positive or indifferent view of the prospect of continued governmental growth. The political tactic of confrontation has found new favor with a congressional minority rediscovering its virtues.

Such lines of demarcation between the two parties must be drawn if Clinton is to be tossed in '96, blunder on though he undoubtly will. He will create the opening—he can't do otherwise—but only a strong, issue-oriented Republican standard-bearer will be able to take advantage of it. No doubt, we're all a long way from deciding who that will be, but some early kudos have to go to Pete DuPont for playing a large role in George Will's revised thinking.

Only about 1,335 days to go. Let's hope the dawning of the New Age is not upon us before then. ☆

Obiter Dicta

Gay At Last!

Organizers of the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual March on Washington (with eager help from the media) went to great lengths to compare the event to the "historic" Civil Rights March on Washington, where Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. gave his famous "I Have A Dream" address before television cameras.

The Clinton Administration also supports the comparison. Now that the election is over, all the weirdoes the Democrats managed to keep away from their National Convention in 1992, when Clinton was nominated, were strutting their stuff all over Washington on the weekend of April 24-25, 1993. But mainstream America is not buying the comparison—and neither should "Afro-Americans," even though some of their leaders, like Jesse Jackson, seem to endorse the metaphor.

Judging from the very high birth rate among minorities, there are not very many homosexuals in the black community. Black Americans are overwhelmingly religious and mostly Christian. They know from their Bible lessons what the scriptures have to say about homosexuality. The perverse effort now being made to compare them to homosexuals is an insult. Fortunately at least some black leaders agree. (A group of 40 black ministers said so in a press conference in Washington on January 22.)

Thus far, few observers have made the correct distinction: the issue is not whether people who practice homosexuality should be illegally persecuted (they should not). The issue is whether the rest of us are entitled to disapprove morally of homosexuality itself.

What organized homosexuals are really after goes beyond the legal into the realm of culture. They want to force the culture to regard their sexual practices as a societal norm and to erase the conventional view that homosexuality is morally wrong. They hope to deny the mainstream culture the right to set standards for sexual behavior or, at least, they hope to persuade the culture to shift the practice of homosexuality inside the circle of approved behaviors. We are, in other words, dealing with a moral—not a legal—conflict.

For our part, we are willing to concede that men and women of good will should resist the occasional human temptation to be violent or hateful or mean-spirited. These are unworthy behaviors. By that same behavioral logic, the 300,000 people who marched on Washington in April ought to consider resisting a few of their own personal tendencies. If they did, the AIDS epidemic would be over, and that would indeed be cause for a parade.

Bill Buckley, Call Your Office

Ever since William F. Buckley, Jr. gave up the generalship at *National Review*, there have been lots of unpleasant turns. One has seen a general decline in the wit and the bite of what once was America's brightest conservative journal.

As part of this trend, we were more disappointed than surprised to see *NR* support Georgia Governor Zell Miller's sissified attempt to discredit his own state's flag. Here is the logic *National Review* offered in Miller's defense:

> ...the venerability of the Georgia flag is compromised by the fact that it was adopted in 1956 to signify resistance to desegregation. So those who see it as demeaning to blacks have a solid point.

Wait a minute. It seems to us that *National Review* got its start back in the 1950s. In fact, the first issue said that the role of the magazine would be "to stand athwart history yelling stop!" (or something very close to that). Obviously, these were code words. They clearly founded that journal to resist desegregation, as an act of defiance against the civil rights movement. Why else would they have started it in the 1950s? So let's ban *National Review*! Get it out of our public libraries! Purge it from our minds and hearts! Right?

That is of course not right. In the world of reason, it is not yet required for everything that happens to be interpreted in the light of the organized Civil Rights Movement. In fact, in the late 1950s, quite a few Southern states made a decision to elevate the Confederate Battle flag to various places of honor. Why?

It had nothing to do with defiance against civil rights. The Georgia legislature was very specific, and the purpose was announced elsewhere as well. All the Southern states were rapidly approaching the centennial of the War Between the States. They lifted the flag to honor the Confederate dead. It is, after all a "battle" flag. It was never the official banner of the Confederate government. It was the banner brave men carried to

war, most of whom never owned slaves; and under that banner, they died honorably. For which we remember them always.

National Review should review Southern history a bit before rendering superficial judgments against the most conservative region in the nation.

Shades of LBJ

While we're remembering decades past, how about the 1960s? What happened after Lyndon Baines Johnson defeated Barry Goldwater? Among the various pieces of "civil rights" legislation that Johnson passed was the Voting Rights Act which ripped control of elections from the hands of certain states and handed it over to the gentle hands of the U.S. Justice Department. To this day, those states still have to petition the Justice Department for approval every time they reapportion legislatures or every time they change state or local election laws in any way.

Which states are subject to the Voting Rights Act? You guessed it. The Southern states. Mainly the States who voted against Lyndon Johnson in 1964.

The Clinton era has apparently borrowed a page from Lyndon's book of punitive politics. The Clinton-Aspin Military Base Closing Plan touches lightly on all except the Southern states. Here's how it stacks up:

When calculated based on the number of military jobs lost, taking into account jobs added due to transfers, the states of the deep South, mostly rural and poor and sparsely populated, lose 30,000 jobs. The rest of the nation loses another 30,000 jobs. The states who voted against Bill Clinton appear to have been targeted for special punishment. And we thought he said he felt our pain.

A Cabinet That Looks Like Who?

Mrs. Rodham Clinton, the First Person, has acquired Cabinet level status as the health care czarina. She is now rolling around the country looking for solutions to the health care crisis. But there is one major cost factor in health care that you are not likely to hear Hillary talking about.

Over the past 30 years, one of the fastest rising costs in health care has been malpractice insurance. In three decades, the cost of this item has skyrocketed from $60 million to $9 billion, and who's the culprit? The answer is: litigators, trial lawyers like, well, like Hillary Rodham Clinton, whose lawyer colleagues across the country contributed millions to the Clinton campaign.

Every year one out of twenty-five doctors is successfully sued in the United States, and the damage awards are growing higher and higher as the climate of greed intensifies. Meanwhile, what does the Clinton Cabinet look like?

Well, the President, the Vice-President and the First Person are all lawyers—and 80% of the Cabinet appointments are also lawyers. Mississippi Governor Kirk Fordice put it all in perspective. "A Cabinet that looks like America?" he asked rhetorically. "It looks more like the American Bar Association to me."

Just Asking.

Once David Koresh and his fanatical followers had engaged federal agents in a gunfight on February 28, 1993, obviously, something had to be done. Four ATF agents had been killed.

But before that happened, what exactly did the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas do to warrant a full scale armed assault by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms? We are told they were suspected of harboring illegal weapons at their remote compound. Obviously, we now know that they did have lots of weapons stashed away.

But so do gangs in LA and other major cities in the USA. They have automatic weapons, Uzis, armor piercing bullets, explosives—all very illegal. By some estimates, in some cities, the gangs are better armed than the police. And we also know that gangs regularly use their weapons to rob and kill people, to engage in street warfare with rival gangs and to protect their massive inventories of drugs, which they sell freely throughout the "Hoods."

So, objectively speaking, who represented the greatest threat to society? The nutty Branch Davidians who stockpiled weapons, apparently for iconic purposes, at their remote Texas compound, in preparation for Armageddon? Or the organized gangs in LA and Detroit and Washington and Chicago who use their weapons every day?

What about Koresh himself? We know from news reports that he frequented the towns around his compound to listen to rock and roll bands. We also know that he jogged outside the compound daily before the shoot-out. Why did not the ATF simply and quietly arrest him as a suspect on weapons violations when he was away from his compound? With their leader in custody, surely the Davidians would have been a much easier group to deal with. Instead, the ATF decided to storm the compound dramatically, early one February morning, after daybreak (lighting was apparently important since all the local media knew about the raid in advance). The cameras were there to catch all the action for the evening news.

And finally, the biggest question of all is this: will any of these questions even be asked?

Oh, and one more question...

What is a "cult?" The media are busily telling us how many religious cults there are out there, armed and dangerous, across the face of America. One wire story went so far as to give us pointers on what to look out for to avoid being taken in by a "religious cult."

Here, according to Cynthia Kisser of the Cult Awareness Network, are the telltale signs:

- Cultists will not reveal their true agenda during the recruitment process, only after it's too late.
- Cultists deny the importance of family and job responsibilities, appealing instead to getting involved and making sacrifices for the larger good of the group;
- Cultists will not disclose exactly where your money goes; and finally...
- Cultists "require—either through pressure or subtle persuasion—that you turn over all of your earnings and assets to the group.

Does any of this sound familiar? Could there be Branch Clintonians?

Shazaam!

Remember John Meroney? He was the teenage founder of the Andy Griffith Appreciation Society and editor of *The Mayberry Gazette* (see *Southern Partisan*, Partisan Conversation, Fourth Quarter, 1989).

Well, John's grown up now, and he's giving Maya Angelou, Bill Clinton's pompous inaugural poet, a major headache. As editor of the *Wake Forest Critic* newspaper, John provided the University with some unwelcome investigative journalism. He pointed out that Angelou makes $100,000 a year, teaches no classes, is inaccessible to students and is, in fact, never there, because the room that is listed as her office is a storage closet.

Embarrassed Wake Forest officials promptly hired a Washington, D.C. law firm to force young John Meroney to drop the University's name from his masthead. However, the *Critic* will continue to be critical of hypocrisy in high places—a fine Southern tradition. Keep up the good work, John. All the folks in Mayberry are proud of you.

Shelby's Revenge

If you missed it, you may not have a chance to see it again. ABC recently presented a made-for-TV movie entitled *Class of '61*, dramatizing the fortunes of the graduating class at West Point in 1861. The critics hated it. Let us give you a few reasons why:

(1) In conversation at a Washington party, Rose Greenhow (portrayed as the elegant, highly intelligent woman she was) had this to say about President Lincoln: "Any man who would suspend habeas corpus without the consent of Congress is not only an enemy of the people, but a traitor to the Constitution as well."

(2) Also at the party, Secretary of War Stanton (portrayed as the sinister and pompous ass he was) uttered his famous declaration: "With this hand I can touch a bell and order the arrest of anyone in this Union and no power on earth except that of the president can release them."

(3) Most amazing of all are the words spoken by a young slave traveling on a train with her mistress through a "free" state. A Yankee on the train asked her why she didn't assert her freedom, since she was no longer in slave-holding territory. Her answer: "[I am]," she said "of a powerful mind to get back home....Up here in this here promised land of yours, they's so proud about having no lines. They preach about it from the pulpit like it was the Eleventh Commandment: 'Thou shalt have no lines.' But they do. Maybe not in books...not plastered on no billboards, but in they hearts." Meanwhile, on the train, the young slave and her young white female mistress, both of whom had their children in tow, chatted and laughed together affectionately. They clearly had good feelings for each other, which was most often the case.

For all these reasons, you are not likely to see this one in re-runs. *People* magazine denounced the production as "too pro-South." And how did this happen on national television?

The answer may have come in the credits. The historical advisor was listed as Shelby Foote, who many of our readers have criticized for his association with Ken Burns' PBS production *The Civil War*, which presented Lincoln as a martyred saint and treated the South as a mad region where the grapes of wrath were trampled by heaven-sent armies. We have always suspected that Mr. Foote's best contributions to the Burns' series ended up on the editor's cutting room floor, while radical historian Barbara Fields was exclusively relied upon to tell her version of the story. In fact, Foote's comments in Burns' *The Civil War* often ended abruptly, as if he had been cut mid-sentence.

For whatever reason, let us be thankful. Shelby Foote gave America a real history lesson in the *Class of '61*.

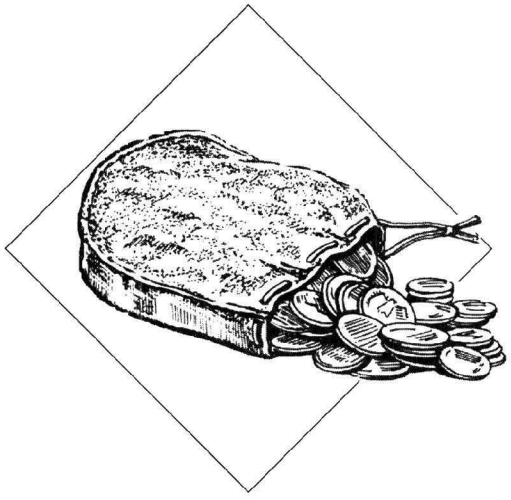
Gored By His Own Words

During my 11 years in Congress, I have consistently opposed federal funding for abortions. In my opinion, it is wrong to spend federal funds for what is arguably the taking of human life. Let me assure you that I share your belief that innocent human life must be protected, and I am committed to furthering this goal.

This (now repudiated) statement was included in a letter mailed by a United States Senator to a Tennessee constituent on May 26, 1987. We won't tell you who he is, but offer this hint: the author of the letter is, according to a national opinion journal, "So wooden, that he may be the first Vice President of the United States to suffer from Dutch Elm disease." ☆

President Clinton puts his finger on another national problem. However, only Bill Clinton receives our Scalawag this time, Tennessee's Albert Gore, Jr. was so named in the Fall 1985 issue.

Rafael Crisostomo, *El Tiempo Latino*



Scalawag Award

It's the Spending, Stupid

President Clinton seems mystified over the defeat of his "Stimulus Package," and now little Ross Perot seems shocked that Clinton plans to raise taxes in order to spend more, rather than to cut the deficit.

But neither Clinton nor Perot should be surprised. Why should Perot be surprised? Clinton, remember, gave Perot private briefings on his economic plans before the election. And why should Clinton be surprised? He skillfully won the election by reminding every voter in America that Read-My-Lips Bush had promised not to raise taxes but did so anyway.

Elect me, Clinton said, and I will raise taxes only on the very wealthy, and he promised solemnly that he would never raise taxes on the middle class to pay for his jobs program. Upon being elected, he then immediately came forward with a whopping tax increase on the middle class, and he has now floated another proposal for a national sales tax on everybody.

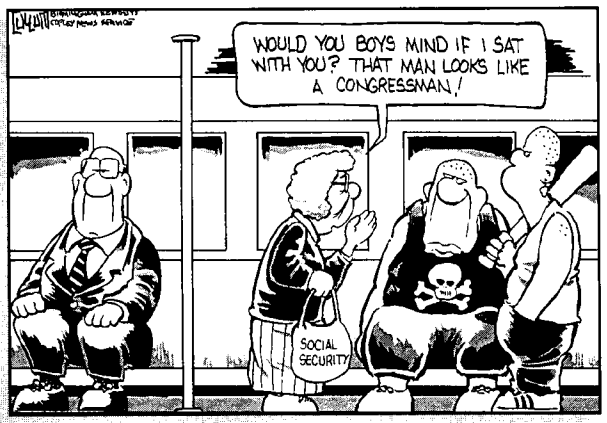
Here are the facts on the Clinton Economic Plan: He proposed $267 billion in new taxes with a paltry $55 billion in spending cuts. In other words, for every $1.00 in spending cuts, Clinton wants to raise $4.85 in new taxes to finance $144 billion in new pork barrel spending. This is Clinton's idea of the New Democrat. And indeed there is a new element.

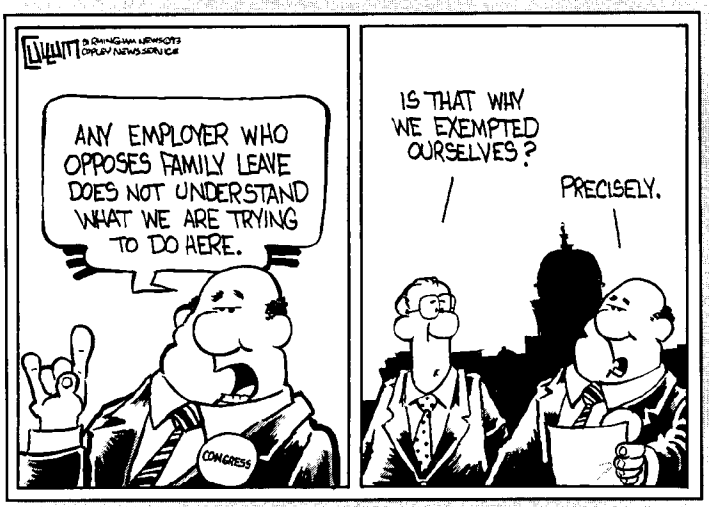
Dukakis campaigned candidly on a platform of "tax and spend." The Clinton innovation was to campaign like a Ronald Reagan, calling for tax cuts, spending cuts, deficit reduction and welfare reform; but then to govern like Dukakis. To the traditional Democratic practice of Big Taxes and Big Spending, Bill Clinton has added the Big Lies he needed to seize power.

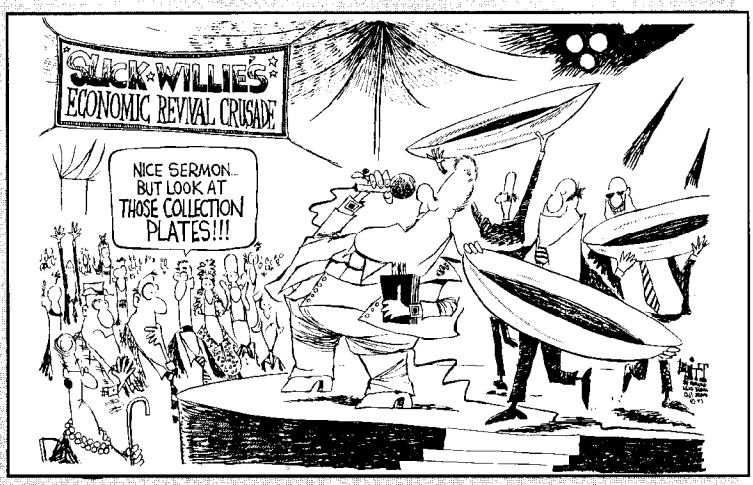
But is he a skilled enough liar to maintain power for more than one term? Probably not, unless his "Motor Voter" bill achieves its obvious objective. If he does succeed, however, we are all in for a decade of long hot summers.

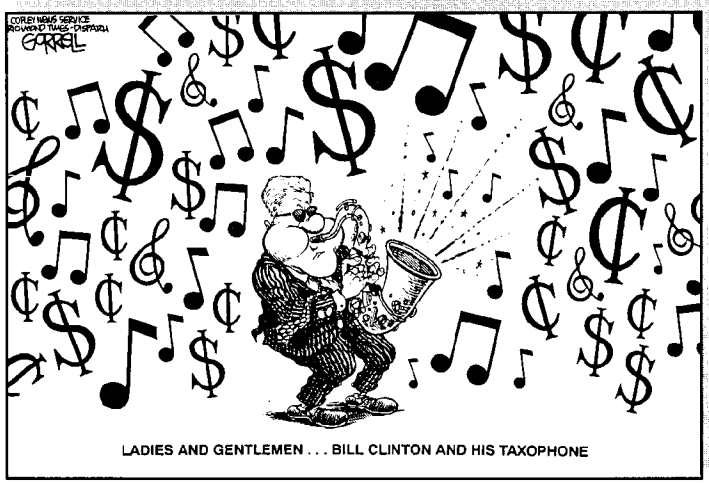
Southerners have a word for treacherous, dishonest politicians who campaign differently than they govern and who betray the values of their region. And more than any other, that word sums up the scorecard of Bill Clinton's First 100 Days. Now the entire country is learning how it feels to be under the rule of a true Arkansas Scalawag. ☆

PARTISAN *'toons*




ANY EMPLOYER WHO OPPOSES FAMILY LEAVE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO HERE.
CONGRESS
IS THAT WHY WE EXEMPTED OURSELVES?
PRECISELY.





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . . BILL CLINTON AND HIS TAXOPHONE

Georgians favor retaining the flag. Besides, if the flag is altered, Southern activists are planning a big surprise for the Olympics in 1996. Thousands will appear at the games flying battle flags, wearing them, parading them before the television cameras. They also plan to enter Olympic stadium carrying tape decks blaring "Dixie," just to remind everyone that Georgia is, after all, a Southern state, despite its poor taste in Governors.

Special recognition in the Georgia flag controversy goes to Rep. J. Max Davis, who booed the Governor's anti-flag remarks during the "State of the State" address, to Rep. Sonny Dixon, who introduced a bill to withhold state funds from the City of Atlanta after the municipality removed the state flag from its council chambers, and to Sen. Arthur B. "Skin" Edge, who spoke up for the flag in the Georgia senate.

In the heat of the fight were organizers Lee Collins, Kelly Barrow and John Black, and champion "Larry King Live" debater P. Charles Lunsford. Others worthy of our gratitude include Rep. Brian Joyce, Speaker Tom Murphy, Hon. John S. Bell, Hon. Ernest Vandiver, Charles Clements, Jim Yarborough, Sen. Joe Burton, Sen. George Hooks, Rep. Jim Griffin, Michael Grissom and Calvin Johnson.

Kentucky

End of an Era

In Louisville, the all-male Happy Chandler Admiration Society has finally disbanded, after 32 years of "semi-regular meetings."

The organization's third president, Fred "Happy" Sanders explained why:

"There was only three of us left, and two can't drive anymore. Besides, without Happy around, there's not much point to keep it going."

"We used to play recordings of Happy's old speeches. We knew his routines by heart, particularly the ones where he jokes about his wife. We were thinking of bringing out a variorum edition of his public addresses, but no publisher was interested—not even the Kentucky ones. Let's face it. He's not as big as he used to be."

When questioned about her feelings on the matter, Fred's wife Marge, shrugged her shoulders.

"I couldn't care less. I never liked Happy Chandler, but Fred thought he hung the moon. I'll say this for the meetings. They got Fred out of the house, when they weren't being held here—which was most of the time."

Louisiana

Double Header

One of the most important events on the calendar in 1993 is the second annual convention of the Confederate Society of America, June 3–5, 1993 in Monroe, Louisiana. In 1992 hundreds attended; and this coming year, if the trend holds, the crowd may top 1,000.

The third annual Southern Heritage Conference will be held the same weekend at the same location, the Auburn Avenue Presbyterian Church, and will include speakers, living history demonstrations, and a candlelight Confederate Ball with a 19th century string band.

Events are scheduled to celebrate the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, June 3, 1808. If the South is destined to rise again, the rising will probably begin this year at these events. Tickets, which are $35 per family, can be obtained by writing to: The Rev. Steve Wilkins, 224 Auburn Avenue, Monroe, Louisiana 71201 or calling (318) 323-3061.

Maryland

Attention NBC

If you liked the Pamela Smart and Amy Fisher stories, you'll love the Maria Theresa Gould saga, which has everything the public could hope for. It seems that Mrs. Gould, married with three children, seduced her daughter's 13-year-old boyfriend and carried on an affair with him for over a year. The result: a baby who just turned ten months old as its mother was being sentenced for raping its father.

The next episode: one of the most bizarre custody cases in the history of Maryland. Be assured that the name of Maria Gould may soon be as famous as that of Joe Buttafuoco.

Mississippi

GOP's New Chief

Haley Barbour of Mississippi is the new chairman of the Republican National Committee. Barbour is known around Washing-

ton as a man who instinctively avoids principle, even when it accidentally wanders into his path. From the beginning of his tenure as RNC Chairman, he has sought to move the party "centerward," away from the family values that have always appealed to Southerners.

Don't look for Conservatism to prosper under the Barbour regime. He represents the same failed policies practiced by the late Rich Bond.

Missouri

Bubba's Got A Forklift

When you get a good old boy mad, there's no telling what he'll do, particularly if he has the right weapon handy. And the bigger the weapon the better.

In Jane, Dale Lofts was charged with assault and property damage after he allegedly—-and we're not saying he did it—drove a bulldozer through the wall of the Emporium Sports Bar. Nobody was hurt real bad, just one person treated for a minor injury; and without approving of what happened, you have to admire Dale Lofts, or whoever drove that bulldozer; it's the kind of thing you dream about doing when your team loses or your steak gets burned.

North Carolina

Faircloth '96?

Newly elected Senator Lauch Faircloth pleased the crowd at the Conservative Political Action Conference in the nation's capital recently by telling them that since he arrived on the scene, Jesse Helms is being called "the liberal senator from North Carolina."

Sen. Lauch Faircloth

Faircloth came as pleasant surprise to the Washington conservative community, depressed over the willingness of Republicans in the Senate to lie down and let President Clinton drive over them with his limousine. Faircloth made a rousing speech, brought the crowd to its feet, and left them crying for more. Already he is being mentioned as someone who might look good on the ticket in 1996.

This is not to say the senior senator in the Old North State is on the sidelines. Sen. Jesse Helms gave a stirring tribute to Robert E. Lee on the Senate floor on Lee's birthday in January. Helms said in part: "In an age when revisionist academics spend their careers tearing down the lives of those who do not fit their politically tainted agendas, Robert E. Lee still stands as one of the most inspiring and beloved men in the history of this country."

Oklahoma

You Can *Take It With You*

George Smith of Tulsa has a solution to the water shortage in the state, which folks have worried over ever since the dust bowl days of the 1930s. He wants visitors to Oklahoma to bring their own water with them when they come.

"We pass a law that says only natives and permanent residents can use the local water system. The rest have to come with their own supply. When they run out, they'll have to go back to Ohio or Pennsylvania or wherever. Or they can go to Missouri and buy some, if Missourians are stupid enough to sell it to them."

What kind of container would be big enough to hold sufficient amounts?

"A water trailer," Smith said. "You pull it behind your car. I've already invented one, and applied for a patent."

Asked if he wasn't pushing for the law to serve his own financial interests, Smith replied, "No, I'm primarily interested in the water table, but I'd be some kind of fool not to take advantage of my own law."

South Carolina

Arthur Who?

Palmetto state political pundits and reporters are still surprised that "Cousin Arthur" did it the way he did it and that he did it so *early*.

But in early February, in the Greenville–Spartanburg–Anderson and Columbia television markets, Charleston Congressman Arthur Ravenel took to the airwaves with an announcement: "Hi, I'm Arthur Ravenel of Mt. Pleasant, I want to be your next governor." Leaning into a

Ford pickup with "Dixie" as background music, the Lowcountry solon explained that Upstate and Midlands voters might not know him and that the only polite thing to do was to introduce himself.

Everyone knew Arthur wanted to run for governor, but a television commercial? And over twenty months before the election?

Arthur Ravenel may not be South Carolina's next governor, but with him in the race, Campaign '94 is sure to be an exciting one in the First State to Secede. Washington will never forget the suggestion he made on the floor of the U S Congress for stopping the use of airplanes for illegal drug trafficking: "We should shoot down the planes and machine gun the survivors!" Stay tuned.

Tennessee

Immoral Minority

In America it used to be that you were innocent until proven guilty, but that isn't entirely true anymore—at least, not in Tennessee. A man was recently convicted of drunk driving after he was found curled up in the seat of his pickup, sound asleep, cradling a quart of beer. No witnesses to prove that he'd been driving at all. Yet he was convicted all the same, since he was presumed to have been driving.

One disgruntled observer blamed it on Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD): "They've intimidated the legislature and the courts alike. You can't even park your truck and get drunk anymore. We've got to do something. We've got to organize. A bunch of us are starting a counter-organization. We're going to call it DAMM. Drunks Against Mad Mothers. I bet you we'll end up with more members than they've got."

Texas

Ten Gallons of Revenge

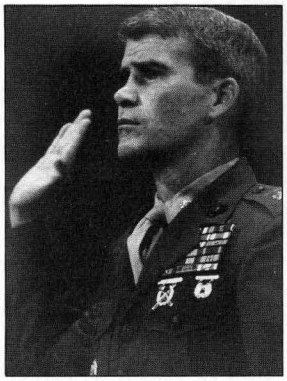
Friends in Dallas tell us that economic indicators in the Lone Star state are still bad. Since the collapse of the domestic oil industry, Texas has hovered between recession and depression, with its major banks now in the hands of foreigners (i.e. non-Texans). Commercial property is falling into receivership daily, and observers say that some smaller banks are teetering on the brink.

One Dallasite blames the New York business crowd: "They have always resented Texans, not only because they have been independently wealthy, but because they are politically conservative. Every time a Texan has risen high enough to challenge them, they've done him in—from Gordon McClendon to Jim Ling to the Hunts to the whole domestic oil industry. Texas was threatening to take over the financial leadership of the nation, so the people who control the Republican party changed the tax laws and put on the pressure. That's why we're in this fix today. One day the whole country will suffer because of what they did to our oil production."

Virginia

Senator Ollie North?

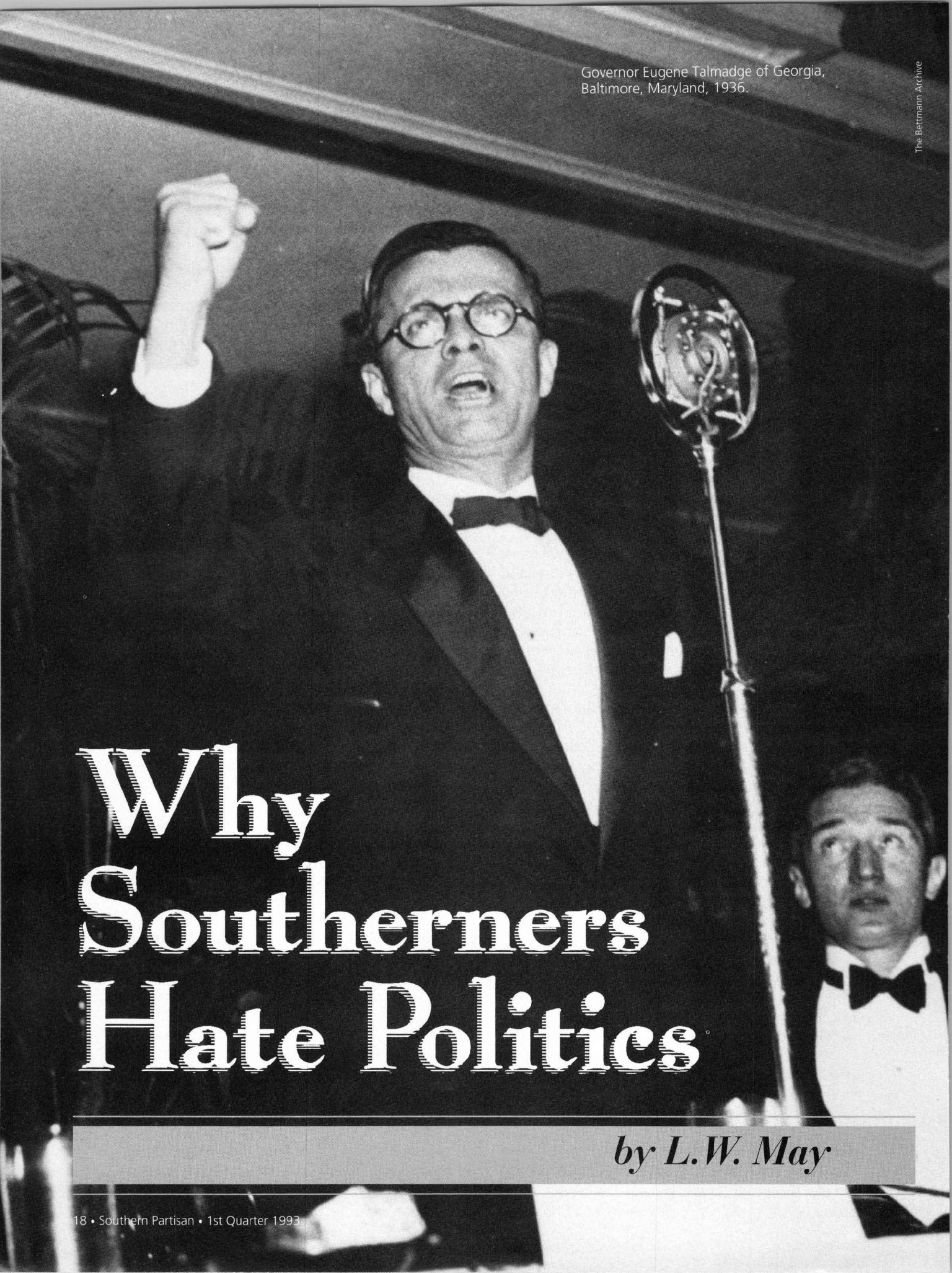
Virginia politics are heating up, even though elections are more than a year away. Governor Doug Wilder is in deep trouble—his popularity has never bounced back after his abortive campaign for president last year. Plagued by rumors of drugs and bimbos, Senator Chuck Robb may be the most vulnerable Democrat in the U.S. Senate.



Col. Oliver North

Wilder may challenge Robb, however. If for no other reason than to have a forum to air his hatred toward the incumbent senator. In behavior perhaps more typical of Richard Nixon, Robb, the son-in-law of LBJ, has been accused of taping Wilder's cellular telephone calls. Two aides have been convicted.

On the Republican side, a likely candidate is Col. Oliver North, who clearly plans to run for statewide office and hasn't yet told anyone which one. Most observers expect him to go after Robb, who apparently is too stubborn to drop out and give another Democrat a chance. North is quietly building up strength among conservative Christians and Republican regulars. Despite enormous press opposition, he will be hard to beat, either in the primary or the general election. ☆



Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, Baltimore, Maryland, 1936.

The Bettmann Archive

Why Southerners Hate Politics

by L.W. May

I don't think I need argue the validity of my title. We all know the South no longer wields the power it once did. No longer sends great political leaders to Congress to chair key committees. No longer boasts two or three Cabinet members when the right candidate wins. No longer dominates one of the major parties. No longer grinds the wheels of government to a halt when circumstances require it.

Only one Southerner sits on the Supreme Court and he is not there because he is a Georgian, but because he is black. (Ironically, he may be the best Southerner to sit on the High Court in a generation.)

This loss of political power, as cataclysmic as it may seem to some Southern historians, has come about without significant protest from most of the people in our region. Today other minorities demand a greater voice in government in every level. Blacks, Hispanics, Native Americans, homosexuals, even women— the only minority in history to constitute an absolute majority.

Southerners have allowed their political power to be stolen from them like the old family silver, only this time we've even helped the Yankees fill their croker sacks. It is as if we have forgotten who we are. Like old people found wandering the streets unable to give authorities their names or addresses. Sociologists tell us it is because at last we have become assimilated; that we are indistinguishable from other Americans in all the important and measurable ways. We have more factory workers than farmers. We have replaced our dirt roads with interstate highways. Our outhouses have given way to indoor plumbing. 83% of our young people watch MTV and "Married with Children." We've finally become Yankees, because we make almost as much money as they make and spend it in the same frivolous ways.

What made us stick together in the past, they say, is economics. And of course, racial issues. Our unity, they maintain, was created out of a common need to defend ourselves against our more righteous northern compatriots. First, it was slavery, then segregation. Once those issues were resolved, Southerners had nothing else to move them except common political action. Like the Mafia, our common bonds grew out of a collective need to commit acts of cruelty against helpless people in order to prosper. Southerners only define themselves in attitudes and acts of bigotry. In other words, Southern unity was the political equivalent of a lynching.

Of course we don't accept these explanations. They are the product of northern superstition, the result of a narrow and improvident imagination. For such people, history is the agreed upon lie. The means of justifying their own diminished existence in an increasingly mean–spirited world.

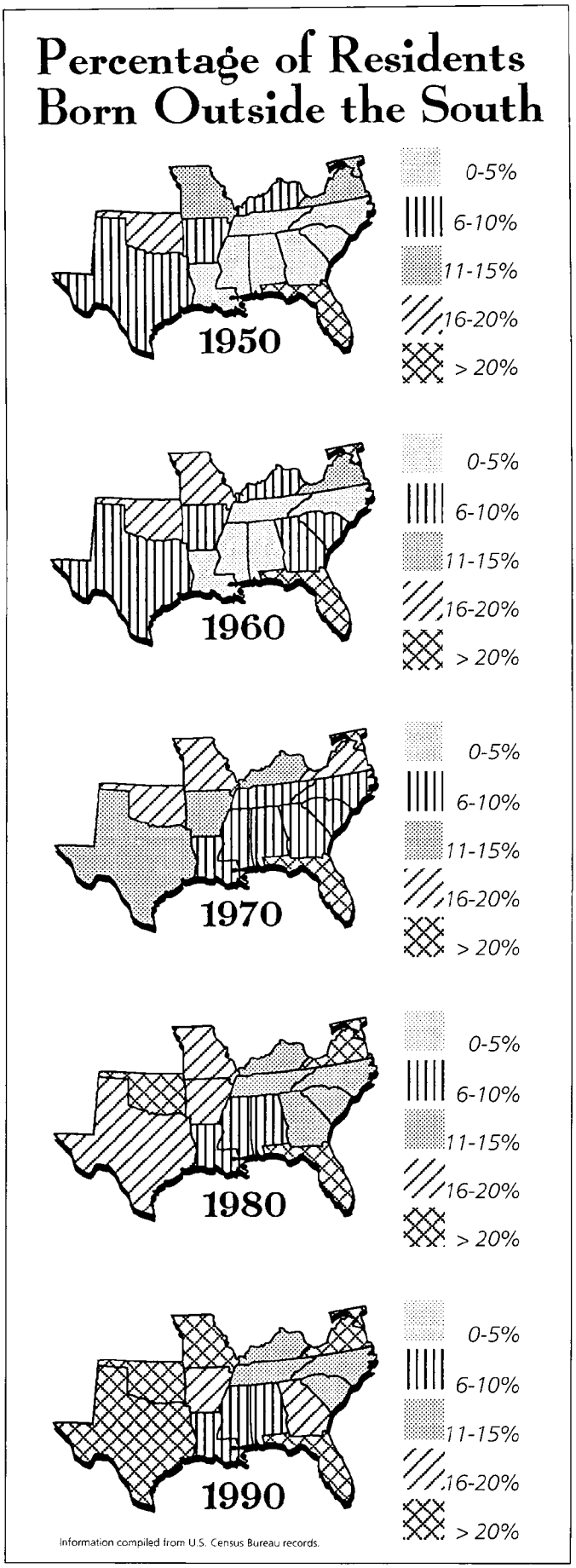
For folks in New York and Philadelphia and Chicago, who are strangers to their own neighbors, it is incomprehensible that people from Louisiana and South Carolina and Texas should feel a special kinship. And we still feel that bond, because we still share a number of common characteristics and eccentricities, attitudes and traits, that set us apart from the rest of the nation. They are the proof of our continuing survival as a people. For example, a good many of us still like to beat Yankees. I want you to understand that I am using that term affectionately. We can turn on a football game or basketball game and if one of the teams is Southern then we have somebody to root for. I don't know about you, but I can get very excited when Alabama State College of Beauticians is playing anybody from New York, or Illinois, or Michigan.

Does such an attitude mean that at heart I am *still fighting the War?* Perhaps it does. But it also means I know who I am and care.

We also share a common belief in good manners and by that we mean showing the proper respect for others while at the same time putting them at ease. Manners in Boston may be more precise than ours, but they are cold and forbidding; they wall people out rather than gather them in. They put other people in their place rather than make a place for other people. People from the north are still awed by the treatment they receive from shopkeepers and policemen in Southern towns and cities. A Connecticut visitor to Dallas once told me, with a wild look in his eye, "The cab driver who brought me from the airport actually *thanked* me at the end of the ride. Do you have a telephone? I've got to call my wife and tell her about it."

In addition, we share a common language. There still exists among us the quaint echoes of English and Scottish speech we call *a* Southern accent. Of course, in one sense there is no such thing as a Southern accent, since we all speak differently, a fact that Hollywood has yet to grasp. Film makers will pay millions of dollars to move crews and equipment across country just to ensure the authenticity of a skyline, buildings, streets, trees, animals, insects; and then allow all the actors to speak a tongue never heard anywhere on the planet Earth except on television and movie screens. Actors like Kevin Costner fail to understand that folks in New Orleans don't sound like people from Baton Rouge. They don't even pronounce the name of the city and state the same. Indeed there are probably one hundred identifiable Southern accents throughout the region, some radically different from others.

Yet in another sense, as we all know, there is indeed a genuine Southern accent, or at least an established canon of accents from the region, an approved list of ways to use the English language that is native to our part of the country and to no other. Yankees are bewildered by these distinctions. Yet, we can claim kin through this linguistic diversity that we all somehow recognize as belonging to each and every one of us. Is it merely a quaint and artificial bond of no more than passing interest? Or does it establish communion among people who share the same history, ideas and sensibilities? Clearly the truth lies somewhere in between. But one thing is certain, we are still a distinct



and definable people as long as we recognize and respond to the existence of a Southern accent.

Few Southerners who travel fail to respond to the sound of a Southern voice on a cold, hostile street in New York, or Cleveland, or San Francisco. From such a voice you immediately expect a greater measure of courtesy and friendliness than you could hope to find from the locals. You also expect a sign of recognition, an acknowledgement on the part of this not–quite–a –stranger, that you are fellow travelers on alien soil and have a special responsibility for one another. You may say something to indicate this kinship. "I sure do like the sound of your voice. Where do you folks come from?" Or you may say nothing so direct. "I'll tell you, I'm ready to go home." To which you expect a reply: "So are we, and we just got here *yesterday*."

And this phenomenon is by no means confined to white Southerners. It happens just as frequently between the races. Blacks who have lived in New York City for twenty years will greet Southern whites like long lost kinfolk, responding with a special warmth: "I'm from Alabama. I can tell that you're from down there somewhere." They know that they can expect a large measure of friendliness and courtesy from white Southerners that is too often missing on the sidewalks of New York, despite a code book of civil rights laws as thick as the local telephone book.

Fugitive/Agrarian Allen Tate who was teaching on the faculty of a northern university with black novelist Ralph Ellison once asked his colleague, "Ralph, how do you pronounce N–e–g–r–o?" With a trace of a smile on his face, Ellison said: "Nigra. Just like you."

The Southern accent proves to us that we are still a people, black and white alike. And that we belong to each other in a way that other Americans do not. Yet politically, we were more obviously united twenty years ago than we are today, and unless current trends are reversed we will be less politically coherent in another decade. The question remains, "Why?" Since we won't accept the deterministic argument of the Scalawags and Carpetbaggers who attribute them to economics and race, what answer can our people offer for this distressing phenomenon? And what remedy? Here are at least four reasons some Southern critics give for the decline of Southern Politics.

Reason Number One: *Too Many Yankees.*

Some people argue that we have absorbed all the Yankees we can absorb and still retain our sanity. Back in the old days when they came in small, hesitant numbers we could handle the influx. They would settle down in a friendly neighborhood, learn to get along with their neighbors and pretty soon their children were saying: "Yes, ma'am" and "Yes, sir," and talking like their schoolmates. As adults these same transplants would stand up teary–eyed at the playing of "Dixie."

Of course, folks in earlier times came down here for better reasons than they come today. Back then they

expected a slower pace, an easier life and a certain disrespect for the Almighty Dollar. Forty years ago you couldn't buy your way into the polite society of any Southern town or city. People waited to see how you behaved. All the while ignoring the kind of automobile you drove or the price of the clothes you wore.

When I was a boy my father was a dentist who was earning such a meager living that we didn't own a house until I was twelve years old, but we were better off than most other folks. I ran around with the banker's son, the Jewish dry-cleaner's son, the son of a divorced secretary, and the son of a Greek short order cook married to a Georgia woman, who had managed to save enough money to start his own restaurant. Three of those four went to the University of the South. The short order cook's son pledged KA, the Old South Fraternity. After Reconstruction and the Great Depression, in our part of the country, no one worried about how much money one had. If class distinctions existed, they were based on the way you acted rather than on what kind of house you lived in or what kind of cologne you used.

By the late 1950s however, people were pouring into the South because it was the latest economic front, the place to go if you wanted to make a buck in a hurry. Every Southern community was suddenly a boom town. Our New South business leaders were putting huge ads in the New York papers which read:

WE HAVE A GREAT BUSINESS CLIMATE DOWN HERE, CHEAP NON-UNION LABOR, CLEAN AIR AND WATER AND SAFE STREETS.

WHY DON'T Y'ALL COME DOWN HERE AND RUIN IT FOR US.

And that's precisely what they did.

Pretty soon men kept their hats on in the elevator and women took theirs off in church, and children began worrying about what brand of tennis shoes they were wearing. One day unbeknownst to us all, we reached the absolute limit of Yankees we could absorb and civilize. Suddenly we were super-saturated and like any flowing liquid that receives one final milligram of solid, we turned hard in the bottom of the beaker. (Or so some would theorize.)

Reason Number Two: *We Have Adopted Too Many Yankee Ways.*

Our malls and real estate developments are indistinguishable from those in other parts of the country. We watch the same television shows that people in New York watch, and in about the same proportions. Our children, like our neighbors, too often speak in unfamiliar syllables. Our universities are politically correct (that is *liberal*) like the Ivy League schools. Our local newspapers have the same editorial policy as the huge chains that own them and some of our young people are even attending courses that are specially designed to rid them of their Southern accents.

We eat McDonald's hamburgers and Kentucky Fried Chicken on weekdays and go to Mexican or Chinese restaurants on the weekend, while family members in their twenties have never tasted collard greens or homemade biscuits. We are rapidly becoming an indistinguishable part of this increasingly formless, faceless nation perhaps because we don't realize that it is these small everyday patterns of behavior that will eventually define who and what we are.

Number Three: *Our Unregenerate Human Nature.*

This explanation of our decline suggests that we have been done in by our own greed, that we can't blame Yankees for what's gone wrong with the South, because after all they don't know any better, and we ourselves must finally accept the burden of our own guilt. Those who make this argument suggest that if we hadn't sold our souls, and sold them at bottom dollar, we would still be poor and happy.

Advocates of the New South, they say, persuaded us that having lost the War to an industrial society we have made every effort to become as much like our conquerors as we could, and as quickly as possible. According to this theory, the beginning of the end of the South occurred early on one frosty morning when one family too many moved off the farm in order to afford a new Mercedes and four years tuition at Dartmouth.

By the late 1950s, the theory goes, Southern businessmen would do anything to make a dollar. Like King Midas they were so infatuated with the glint of gold, they would turn their golden-haired rosy-cheeked daughters into the cold, lifeless metal. It's those few extra bucks that have led us to troubles over the past three or four decades.

In Florida, where I was born and grew up, there are so many condominiums that if the inhabitants all flushed their toilets at once the state would go bone dry. Every other summer they have a water shortage and the Governor has to go on television and tell folks not to water their lawns or take a bath. In the old days, my cousin and I used to go out every Sunday before church and fish in the Gulf of Mexico. We always caught plenty of fish, and were never bothered by loud-voiced strangers who beat on the bottom of their boats and hooked each other in the eye. Today there are so many small boats in the Gulf that you could walk all the way from Sarasota, Florida to Galveston, Texas on the heads of Yankees. Yet the state continues to spend millions of dollars to attract more winter visitors. That kind of greed will eventually deliver us into the hands of our enemies, or so that argument goes.

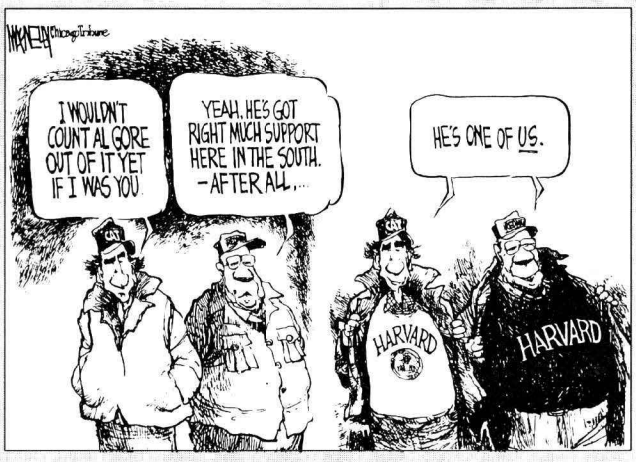
Number Four: *Our Politicians Betrayed us.*

Some observers, while admitting that the influx of Yankees and our innate greed have made life more difficult, maintain that we could still retain our identity as a people and as a culture if we only had strong and responsible leadership. The decline of Southern politics, they charge, is not the result of Yankees or the changing of our relationship with the federal govern-

The Southern Ivy-League Connection

Bill Clinton	U.S. President, AR	Yale Law
Al Gore, Jr.	U.S. Vice–President, TN	Harvard
Bob Graham	U.S. Senator, FL	Harvard
Paul Sarbanes	U.S. Senator, MD	Princeton, Harvard
John Danforth	U.S. Senator, MO	Princeton, Yale
Christopher Bond	U.S. Senator, MO	Princeton
David Boren	U.S. Senator, OK	Yale
James Martin	*former* Governor, NC	Princeton
John Ashcroft	*former* Governor, MO	Yale
David Walters	Governor, OK	Harvard
James Bacchus	U.S. Congressman, FL	Yale
Porter Goss	U.S. Congressman, FL	Yale
Andy Ireland	U.S. Congressman, FL	Yale, Columbia
William Jefferson	U.S. Congressman, LA	Harvard
David Price	U.S. Congressman, NC	Yale
John Spratt	U.S. Congressman, SC	Yale
Jim Cooper	U.S. Congressman, TN	Harvard
Chet Edwards	U.S. Congressman, TX	Harvard
James Olin	*fmr.* U.S. Congressman, VA	Cornell
Defeated:		
Buddy Roemer	Governor, LA	Harvard
Ray Mabus	Governor, MS	Harvard
Bob Erdeich	U.S. Congressman, AL	Yale

Clinton's Untoward Explanation:
"[Southerners] are looking more and more toward people they think are dedicated toward the future—even if we have to do some controversial things to get there, like electing Ivy Leaguers." —Bill Clinton, 1988.


I WOULDN'T COUNT AL GORE OUT OF IT YET IF I WAS YOU
YEAH, HE'S GOT RIGHT MUCH SUPPORT HERE IN THE SOUTH. -AFTER ALL...
HE'S ONE OF US.
HARVARD
HARVARD

Reaction in some Southern circles to the Al Gore, Jr's. Presidential Candidacy, 1988.

ment, but rather a failure on our part to elect men and women of stature to represent us in our state capitals and the halls of Congress.

Instead of the Russells, Bankheads, Percys, Hamptons, and Hulls, we've sent lesser men to the governor's mansions and to Capitol Hill. I won't name those lesser men, you know who they are. But I will describe them generically. The Southern governor is a nice looking fellow until you study his face. Then you realize that he has weak features, shifty eyes and a slack–mouthed smile. He calls himself a New South politician, somebody who looks to the future rather than the past, but somehow he talks about the past more than those who oppose him. He reminds us of how bad it was in the old days. How poor we were. How bigoted. The more you listen to him the more you realize that what he really believes in is money and he runs with the money crowd, particularly investors from New York and Boston and Chicago.

At some point he quietly joins the Council on Foreign Relations. Pretty soon, he's making speeches at meetings of the National Business Alliance and the Committee for Economic Development. He begins to spend more time in Washington and the *Post* does a feature article on him in their Style section. He attends fundraisers in New York City for organizations like the International Conference for Peace, and Citizens for a Just and Equitable Society. He's elected vice chairman of the Southern Governor's Conference and heads a special task force to promote greater trade with the People's Republic of China. He entertains Lane Kirkland, Molly Yard and Norman Lear at the Governor's Mansion. He is photographed with the Reverend Jesse Jackson, arms locked, singing "We Shall Overcome" at an anti–poverty rally.

At this point the rumors concerning his private life begin to make the rounds. He flies to Atlantic City over the weekend and is seen in the company of the October Playmate, *The National Enquirer* says two out of state coeds spent three nights at the Governor's Mansion when his wife was at the bedside of her dying mother. The state's largest newspaper investigates charges that he was stopped by a state patrol officer for DWI and managed to cover up the incident. He is sighted entering the Kennedy Compound in West Palm Beach. The next thing you know he is being mentioned as a possibility for the national ticket, one of three names on the short list. He appears on "This Week with David Brinkley," denies that he has presidential aspirations, but admits that if his party asked him to run, he could hardly turn down the nomination. After the show he has breakfast with representatives of a well–known Washington political consulting firm.

Back home, he introduces tax legislation to channel more money into education, but somehow after the bill has passed, most of the funds are diverted into development projects. He suggests that the state meet its rising education costs by passing a state lottery and allowing highly responsible investors to build casinos in

the state's resort areas. He appoints a task force to investigate the possibility; a ten–member committee, seven of whom have New York accents and Italian surnames. He takes the lead in a movement to ban the Confederate Flag at athletic contests and other public events. "The Flag," he says, "is a symbol of racism and reminds us of an era we would do better to forget." He makes this statement on the steps of the capitol flanked by the state coordinator of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Reverend Al Sharpton.

I could say more, but you all recognize him as the some time Governor of virtually every Southern state. This year he is leading three or four of our states down the road to bland and mindless conformity. If he is not governor of your state in 1992, he will be in 1994, or 1996. He is the man to beat in every gubernatorial race. And after he serves his term as governor he runs for the U.S. Senate. Once he is elected senator he is seldom seen in the state, so busy is he to become part of the Washington establishment. He goes to parties at the home of *Washington Post* editors and columnists. He makes speeches to New York business groups, he is one of five honorees at the annual banquet of People for the American Way. And if he is elected for a second term, and he always is, he begins to attend functions of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. After a few years, his voting record is indistinguishable from Teddy Kennedy's and Howard Metzenbaum's, with whom he often spends weekends. But he doesn't really care, because he knows who the folks at home will vote for—the one who can bring home the bacon. The second year of his second term you read in the paper that he's getting a divorce form his wife of 27 years, and soon after he marries a staff member 18 years younger who was born in Steubenville, Ohio.

The Bettmann Archive

Rabble–rousing Theodore Bilbo

During his first term in the Senate his problem was a failure to spend sufficient time in his home state. During his second term he doesn't spend sufficient time in the *country*. He visits Monte Carlo to inspect the water supply, the Bahamas to investigate international trade, and the Riviera to conduct hearings on the problems of beach erosion (though there is no beach in his state). As a consequence, he misses more than half of the senate votes and when questioned, he tells the local newspapers he is going on these junkets to identify and attract new business to the state. Eventually he dies in office and his estate, when probated, amounts to $6.5 million, which is a mighty big figure when you realize he lived off the taxpayers his entire life.

As you may have guessed from the length of this narrative, I'm inclined to believe that our political impotence is the result largely of poor generalship over the past decades. A decline in the quality of our politicians. However, such an explanation does not fully answer the question, because, after all, we nominated and elected them. So why didn't we do better at the ballot box? Why didn't we assert our communal will and demand a higher quality of leadership? I think in large measure this failure resulted from a preoccupation with the segregation controversy.

Far from being a source of political strength, the fight in the 1950s and 1960s to preserve segregation divided us and sapped our will to survive as a region. After the War Between the States, politicians served when there was no racial controversy, when the South was at peace with itself and the rest of the nation on those issues. I refer first to the Era of Good Feeling which existed for almost 20 years following Reconstruction and ended about 1895 when the first Jim Crow laws were proposed and passed. Most of those laws, as I am sure many of you know, did not begin immediately after reconstruction. They were the result of political agitation toward the end of the century.

There was also a period of strong leadership between 1910 and World War II, when the question of social arrangements seemed settled and a few good men emerged to offer themselves for public office. People fail to realize that most of the segregation laws, those pertaining to restaurants, transportation, water fountains, and other public accommodations were passed during a ten–year period around the turn of the century, and were vigorously opposed by conservative traditionalist elements in the South. It was at this point that a new kind of leadership emerged in the region. The Racist/Liberal/Rabble–rouser, who came to power by appealing to envy and hatred, the earlier

white counterparts of the black racists of our own time. After Ben Tillman replaced Wade Hampton in South Carolina and Theodore Bilbo replaced Leroy Percy in Mississippi, the pattern was established. During periods of racial strife at least, we would have such leaders, and as a consequence good people began to believe politics was a game for low-born scoundrels.

My father for example, would never allow any member of the family to wear campaign buttons or to participate in political activities, any more than he would have allowed us to sell bootleg whiskey or obscene photographs; largely because he knew that in the Episcopal Church they didn't get excited about politics or religion.

In the second, third, and fourth decades of the century, good men still ran for state office and we can take solace in the quality of their leadership. The Bankheads in Alabama, Richard Russell in Georgia, the two Harry Byrds in Virginia—but then came the Civil Rights Movement and race again brought forth the worst elements in our society. Of course our leaders were not all bad in this period, and I have a soft spot in my heart for a few. By and large however, they failed to rise to the occasion, and in their failure lies the seeds of our decline. At a moment when integrity and eloquence might have won at least the respect of the nation, we were too often led by demagogues who could not match their extravagant words with wise deeds.

South Caroliniana Library

"Pitchfork" Ben Tillman

And so we were humiliated and defeated in Courts and in Congress. And here we stand in the twilight of the old century for the first time unsure of our future as a people, contemplating surrender, ready to pledge our allegiance to an emerging New World Order that has rejected a transcendent vision of light in favor of a radical materialism, one that is both a reverse image of Marxism and infinitely more dangerous because it utilizes free market principles and therefore is more pragmatic and more successful. Yet ironically, there are signs all over the globe that economic unity and political conformity are in deep trouble. Look what is happening in Eastern Europe, where for more than seventy years a patch quilt of distinct peoples lived under a totalitarian regime that promoted its own New World Order; one that its adherents confidently expected to unify the entire planet in peace and prosperity. One of the principal strategies of communism was to attack, cruelly and systematically, all regional, ethnic or historical traits that set a people apart from the anonymity of the socialist state. Local religions were repressed, flags and other regional symbols were forbidden on the grounds that they represented a reactionary, counter-revolutionary past. Old songs, the kind that appeal to a particular group, a particular past, a particular plat of earth, were outlawed. Religion, which itself was divisive, was banished from public life and ridiculed by the media—and this continued for more than seventy years in some parts of the Soviet Empire, and for more than forty years in most of the rest.

And we were all fooled weren't we? We believed that these places, these peoples, no longer existed. We talked about the Soviet Union as if it were a nation of single will and purpose, a unified people whose mission transcended the symbols of history and blood. Some of us even accepted the fact that this was the wave of the future, that someday we would all be citizens of the world, though not necessarily under the hammer and sickle.

How wrong we were. Within a period of a few months in 1989, that illusion of intractable solidarity was shattered. Before our eyes, the transcendent state of Marx and Lenin and Stalin and Gorbachev, those visionaries of the future, came to pieces. Its glue no longer binding, its ideology an international joke. Dan Rather doesn't even believe in it any more. Czechoslavakia, Hungary, Poland, East Germany, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, all rose up and reasserted their identities as separate peoples, ready to affirm the vitality of ancient bonds, even if it meant death. And more recently, we see the same thing happening in what was once the artificial state of Yugoslavia.

Most western Europeans and North Americans have forgotten the claims of the smaller people who were subsumed in that pseudo-nation. Comrade Tito, architect of the deception, made a history of Yugoslavia, one that began in migration of a mystical tribe to that part of the world. But the highly individualistic groups that were defined out of existence by Tito's lie

watched, waited and remembered, and today the bloody strife in that segment of Europe is in part a fight to restore historical integrity to peoples who have remembered who they were for almost a half-century now, when everyone including their own duly constituted authorities were trying to make them forget.

Small wonder that the world is now scandalized, small wonder that the genocide of the Bosnians has moved our own leaders so little. The same leaders who were so concerned about the oil rich of Kuwait. Small wonder that America continued to support Gorbachev and the Soviet Union long after it was perfectly clear that people wanted to break away and rediscover the truth of their unique identity. Just think how heartsick the apostles of one-worldism must have felt to see their problems multiply in the twinkling of an eye by the fragmentation of Europe into tiny independent pieces, each with its own culture and history and political preference.

South Carolina's "Redeemer," Wade Hampton

South Caroliniana Library

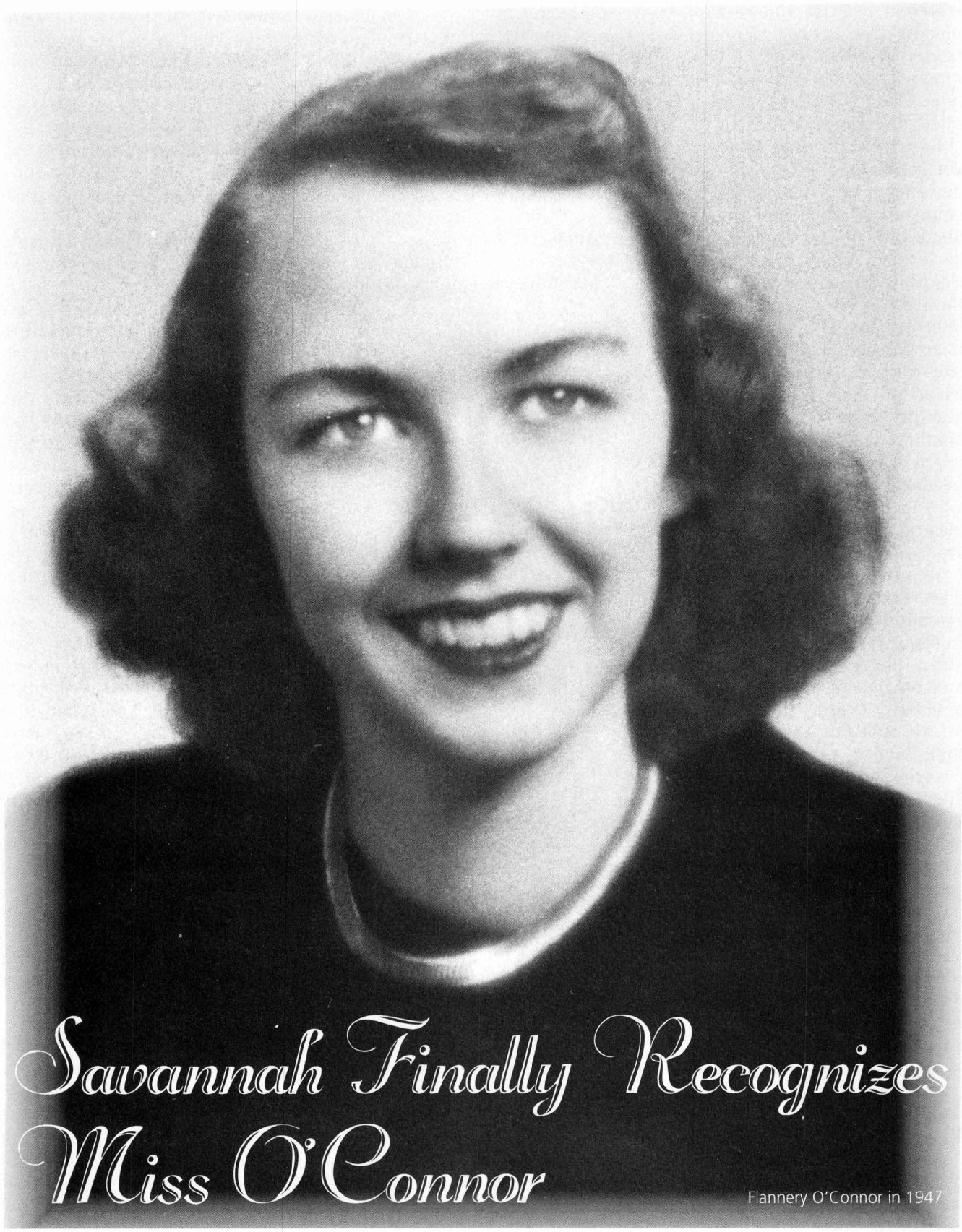
We understand better than most Americans the yearning of Balkans for freedom from conformity and relief from the cold and murderous hand of political ideology. In the South we understand that. Indeed, more than fifty years ago, Lawrence Stalling in a meeting with Southern intellectuals called for a Balkanized America, one in which cultural differences were not only tolerated, but celebrated. These developments in Eastern Europe as well as the revival of Scottish and Welsh nationalism should teach a great lesson to Southerners as well as to those who favor universal conformity. You can't easily destroy the will of a people to preserve their identify in the face of every attempt to transform it, to obliterate it, to absorb it into the great bland batter of whatever political cake our leaders plan to bake.

We must take special heed of what those fiercely proud Eastern Europeans have done. Weakened political leadership as well as military potential have defeated a mighty empire by simply *enduring*. That's what you do when political solutions fail and your leaders sit down with the enemy to negotiate surrender. You *endure*. The Jews have endured for thousands of years because the more persecuted they become the more they remember who they are. Their greatest triumphs have come in martyrdom. Their greatest dangers have been prosperity and assimilation and that's the way it has been since the days of Moses. Prosperity led to apostasy, apostasy led to catastrophe, catastrophe led to penance, penance led to renewed faith, and faith always led to the appearance of the redeemer. Moses, Joshua, David, Gideon—one after another—fierce, fearless and invincible because the people endured and kept the faith.

That's our job today. To keep the faith. To maintain through this long dry season a clear vision of the past and a healthy skepticism of the future. If our leaders are false and faithless we must wait until better leaders come along, and they will, if we are good enough to deserve them. We live in our own Jerusalem, its invisible walls reared around us as we go about our business incredibly discouraged and confused. One of our politicians wants to trade his state's battle-proven flag for a few Superbowl tickets. Several more make common cause with our worst enemies in order to seek higher office. And most of the rest are anonymous collaborators. Yet we still walk the streets of the Holy Land surrounded by the ghosts of great heroes and the indestructible memory of their triumph

In the old city of Jerusalem, the men went every day to the Great Gate, where they watched the road where it narrowed to a vanishing point, expecting any moment to see the Messiah. So great was their faith that after a thousand years, one day He came. In a day of growing trouble we must also keep our eyes focused on the same long road, making certain that when political redeemers come, we know who they are. And in this year of 1993, when the dust-clouded road is alive with politicians demanding that we wave palm branches and shout hallelujahs, when we are promised all manner of economic and electronic miracles, we must turn to one another at the gate and say in unmistakable terms "We'll have to stand here a spell longer. That ain't him." ☆

L.W. May *is a retired glazier and scholar.*



Flannery O'Connor Collection, Ina Dillard Russell Library, Georgia College.

Savannah Finally Recognizes Miss O'Connor

Flannery O'Connor in 1947.

BY TYLER NORMAN

If you say the name Flannery O'Connor to most Savannahians, they do one of two things: they either stare at you blank-faced or they pause a bit then say something along the lines of "Oh, yes, she lived here for a few years as a child, but moved away with her family." Most times they're not sure where she moved and haven't given her much thought over the years because they simply didn't like her writing anyway.

Chances are you already know about Flannery O'Connor, who she was, and what she wrote. I don't need to speak of her work in depth other than to say that as a writer she had a clear focused eye and intently cocked ear for the lives, loves, hates, terrors, and dialogue making up the tapestry of people living in the rural South of the forties and fifties which can still be found in the occasional undisturbed pocket if you're interested and lucky.

For those of us who know her, the names of her works read like a canon: *Wise Blood, The Violent Bear It Away, Everything That Rises Must Converge, A Good Man is Hard to Find* plus many witty letters and trenchant essays. It saddens any writer to type the words, "She died in 1964 at the age of thirty-nine from a hereditary disease called lupus erythematosus." One can only speculate what a longer life would have led to in terms of her work. Surely a Pulitzer.

To Savannah her fans come from afar to gaze up at the austere, stucco walls of her childhood home on Lafayette Square, now a museum, and with reverence they look at the black and white photos of pensive child Flannery on the walls and the period furniture reminiscent of the time she lived there. If they're loquacious, they discuss her themes and listen to the little tales told about her Savannah years with Dr. Hugh Brown, head of the Friends of Flannery Society and for all intents and purposes, curator of the museum.

Outside the museum, if the Flannery fans stop and think about it before climbing in their cars to head to wherever, they may notice that the historical marker in front of the birthplace of one of America's greatest writers is only a recent addition. They may also be surprised if they are told many Savannahians are more aware of famous sons Conrad Aiken and Johnny Mercer and that James Pierpont may have written "Jingle Bells" here than knowing Flannery O'Connor was born here and lived at 207 East Calhoun until the age of thirteen. Many have little idea of the degree of respect she has attained in the world of literature.

People from all over respect her work, but less so in Georgia, and until about five years ago, Savannah had only nailed one tiny, wooden plaque to the front of her childhood home in remembrance. A prophet unknown in her own land.

Perhaps, in the eyes of Savannah, she would have been better off penning a *Gone With the Wind.*

When I moved to Savannah in the fall of 1991, because it's a good place for a poor writer and has a lot of colorful, small town goings-on anyone writing fiction would find interesting, I was surprised and pleased when I found out Flannery O'Connor (always called Mary Flannery by the locals) had been born here. Since writers Julian Greene, James Allen, James McPherson, Conrad Aiken as well as O'Connor had all been born in Savannah, I felt I was in good company, and maybe I'd have the luck and talent to be as successful as they were—all in good time.

Before I pose the question of why its taken so long for her hometown to pay proper homage to Mary Flannery O'Connor, I need to point out, in truth, she's not one of my favorite writers. I tend to prefer dead Frenchmen. But in school I read her short stories with reverence, and now as a writer I look at her genius and discipline and ability to push her talent to the outermost limits and carry a story forward (even while terribly ill; I can't even write when I have a cold or hangover) with respect. So, I like her writing okay, but I love her talent and drive and brilliance at conversation, plot and character.

If you tell people here you're interested in learning about O'Connor, those in the know will send you off to find Dr. Hugh Brown, a professor of Medieval Literature and Linguistics at Armstrong State College. Dr. Brown is a middle-aged, pale man with a mop of grey hair, and he speaks in a gravelly voice which still doesn't have a Southern accent even though he moved here from Massachusetts in 1944. He's a walking encyclopedia when it comes to Flannery O'Connor.

In his esteem she is one of the greatest writers of the twentieth century because her works are based on timeless messages for the ages on life, death, salvation, and damnation, "exciting, real things" which can be called "Medieval Allegory."

"Isn't it strange Savannah hasn't properly recognized one of America's greatest writers?" I ask Dr. Brown one day in the museum, and he explains Savannah, before now, hasn't bothered to acknowledge her properly because most people figure she only grew up here, writing all her great books and stories elsewhere. He points out her books are still in print and sell well in Savannah, but truth is O'Connor's popularity didn't hit until the sixties and seventies so the older Savannahians didn't read her in school. Since they're the ones with the ahem, money and power, they've simply chosen to honor other famous sons and daughters instead.

When you live in a small place, you learn as much about the town and its folk as you do about the subject at hand. Savannah is one of the jewels in the crown of the South and her denizens are usually amiable, welcoming, and fun-loving, but they can also be snippy and mean-spirited. Just mention any name to a Savannahian and you're immediately hit with a sketch of the worst things that person's ever done whether it's drinking, divorce, business failure, lack of breeding, or tacky family members, then, in closing, you'll hear something like "But she's always been nice to my children so she can't be that bad," or "His father hunted with my daddy, and he helped me get my job and everybody says Bobby Junior's a lot like Bobby Senior."

I heard many curious anecdotes, both the good and bad, and so oft told about Flannery O'Connor's Savannah days, they've got the ring of tales told too many times as people tried to explain why Savannah had only recently made a little hoo-ha over Miss O'Connor. But first let's look at the young Flannery: the Savannah Flannery.

She was born on March 25, 1925 to a father who was not very successful in real estate and a mother who was from a good family with a respected name. She lived her first thirteen years at 207 East Calhoun, the same place now housing her museum, and by all accounts, she was a shy, gawky, awkward, religious child who led a sheltered life under the wing of a mother who had to approve her friends. She didn't have many pals, and she didn't do the typical things most little girls did at her age which may explain why she wasn't very popular. At a young age, she was already drawing and scratching little stories for her family's amusement.

One Savannahian remembers Flannery coming to school in her aunt's electric car, quite the envy back then. Another the time she and the pet chicken she'd taught to walk backwards were featured in *Pathé News*, a weekly movie magazine sold in theaters nationwide. On a darker note, someone remembered the incident when a gang of little girls snuck out the back door of one of her birthday parties—a cruel picture—while another sniffed, "Flannery just didn't like to play."

Flannery O'Connor Collection

Flannery O'Connor Collection

Flannery with furrowed brow at age three *(above)* and on the occasion of her first communion at age seven *(below)*.

But for a child who would one day create the likes of *Wise Blood*'s preacher Hazel Motes (who blinds himself with quicklime as some sort of gesture of guilt), perhaps she had other things on her sharp, sardonic mind.

Because of her father's business problems, and in spite of her cousin Katie Semme's generosity in letting them live rent free at 207 East Calhoun, the family moved to Atlanta in 1938 in hopes to find prosperity. While the father worked at a government job, his wife and daughter moved to a farm in Millidgeville called Andalusia because Regina O'Connor didn't like Atlanta life. Until his death in 1941 from the disease which would one day kill Flannery, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor had a commuter marriage. After all, it was the heart of the depression. (Mrs. O'Connor still lives at Andalusia. She's ninety-six but according to her niece, "Only comes to the phone if she knows you.")

So, the young Flannery writes and grows. In 1952 her first novel *Wise Blood* was published. She was twenty-seven years old.

In Savannah Cousin Katie Semmes, proud of her nice's accomplishments, sends out dozens of copies of *Wise Blood* to friends, family and various officials of the Catholic Church without reading it. Imagine this grand dame's reaction when she did finally take *Wise Blood* in hand, and soon thereafter takes to her bed in shock. When she feels better she manages to dash off numerous notes of apology to all those she'd sent copies. "Wherever did she learn such words," said one cousin, echoing the sentiments of the shocked, genteel Savannahians with

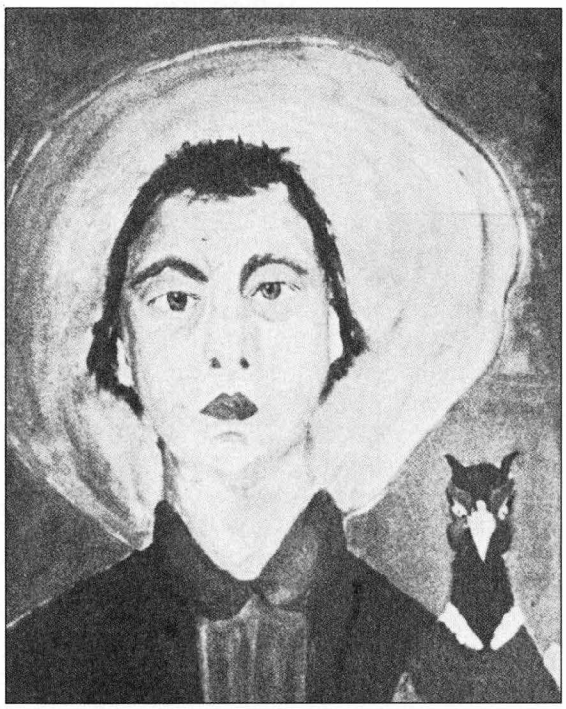
whom Flannery had spent her childhood.

Indeed, it seems to have taken a few decades for them to forgive her.

"Flannery O'Connor shocked people when she was first published. She wrote about things people didn't want to hear—things that were not appropriate for a young Southern lady," says Dr. Brown. Other Savannahians are less discreet. "We're just provincial," says one. "Savannah's literary tastes are hard to figure," says another, "although Savannah is finally waking up."

Flannery O'Connor Collection

Miss O'Connor at an autograph party for *Wise Blood* in 1952 (above). Her self–portrait (below) includes not her usual companion, a peacock, but a pheasant, whose stern look she admired.



And waking up she is. The move to honor Mary Flannery began in 1989 when Dr. Brown and a group from Armstrong State College campaigned to buy the Flannery O'Connor childhood home. In six weeks about $40,000 was raised, enough to cover a down payment and legal fees; they borrowed the rest from C&S who offered a straight commercial loan at a nice rate since the museum couldn't afford a true mortgage.

After refurbishment, the first floor of the row house was furnished in a style similar to that of the O'Connor day. Three apartments on the top floors and in the basement were rented out to help with the loan pay–off. The Friends of Flannery Society was organized and by spring of 1990, the museum was open to the public. (It's now open on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from one to four p.m.)

Admirers from across the land manage to find the small and quiet museum on East Calhoun, and this spring, for the first time, the society is featuring readings, films, and discussions on a weekly basis from the works of Southern authors like Flannery O'Connor, Katherine Anne Porter, Walker Percy, Alice Walker, Richard Wright, and William Faulkner.

The Georgia Department of Natural Resources approved Flannery's childhood home for a marker early in 1992. According to Bill Townsend, chief historian for Georgia's state parks, her home was third on the list, after Fort Buffington in Cherokee County and Wormsloe, a colonial site and fortified house which has been in the same family for over two hundred and sixty years. The marker for Miss O'Connor's home was put in place in November, 1992.

However, as far as honoring Mary Flannery O'Connor in Savannah is concerned, money is still a bugbear. "We are still solvent, kind of, just managing to hang on," announces the Friends of Flannery March newsletter, and Dr. Brown says the biggest problems is raising enough money to reduce the mortgage.

As the society strives for a higher profile and bids for money from foundations (so far unsuccessfully), it looks with hope to the future and to the God who protects all writers, readers, and sundry literati. The house is scrubbed and clean. Soon the garden will be redesigned by a local green thumb and fellow garden clubbers. Dr. Brown says the biggest goal for the museum is solid financial footing, and one day making it a literary center, sponsoring a program in conjunction with Armstrong State College, Georgia Southern and Savannah State which houses a writer–in–residence who teaches creative writing on the graduate level. A nice image—that of a teacher and young students exploring the mazy paths of writing in the very same living room where girl Flannery probably sat on a sofa, looking out at the imposing spires of the Andrew Low House and the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, wondering about God, Satan, the world, man, faith and all the other themes she was to stitch throughout her work in coming years.

I can well imagine Flannery O'Connor's chuckle at the idea of her hometown taking its time to pay homage to her as a writer. What words would have flowed from her pen if she lived long enough to write about Savannah? I think Savannahians would drop their blinds, take their phones off the hooks, and turn out their porch lights, all shuddering at the mere thought. ☆

Tyler Norman *is a struggling freelance writer living in Savannah.*

Bobby Horton

Alabamian Bobby Horton has dusted off hundreds of 19th century patriotic tunes and with nimble fingers has given them new life. On the eve of his tenth release, we speak with him about his music and its message.

Bobby Horton was born in Birmingham, Alabama in 1950. He was educated in the public schools, graduated from Ainsley High School in Birmingham and received a Bachelor of Science in Accounting from Samford University. For over a decade Mr. Horton worked as a systems analyst in the insurance industry ("back when a computer that covered half a room did what a laptop does now") until turning his college group "Three on a String" into a full-time booked-for-months musical comedy troupe.

Though "Three on a String" is known throughout the South for its unique blend of humor and song, Bobby Horton is known to many Southern Partisan *readers for four things:* Homespun Songs of the CSA Volume I, Homespun Songs of the CSA Volume II, Homespun Songs of the CSA Volume III, and Homespun Songs of the CSA Volume IV. *In addition to these efforts, Horton has produced* Homespun Songs of the Union Army Volumes I–III, Homespun Songs of Faith, *and* Homespun Songs of the Christmas Season. *He lives with his wife Lynda and children Jonathan and Rachel in Birmingham.*

Southern Partisan: Bobby, it sounds like you became a professional musician through the back door.

Horton: I started playing around with the trumpet when I was seven or eight years old because my Dad had one around the house. I assumed I was going to be a trumpet player because he was. He carried his trumpet with him all through World War II—just to have something to do, I suppose.

Southern Partisan: You weren't a music major in college but you started playing professionally while in school?

Horton: I played all the way through college and received a small honorarium here and there. But to tell you the truth I made my first money in about the sixth or seventh grade. We had a little-kid Dixieland Band; played conventions and things. Then in high school I got into a rock and roll band with a lot of older guys (without mama's permission). Needless to say, I got caught. It's a real funny story—but my mama doesn't like for me to tell it, so I won't. I've played all kinds of music and have been involved in all styles.

You see, my grandfather was an old time banjo player. He played banjo the way I play on my tapes. That's where I learned it. The academics call the style of playing which was popular in the 19th century "frailing," or "drop-thumb frailing." My grandfather called it "double-knocking." It's kind of neat. His father played, and apparently his daddy before him played the same way.

Southern Partisan: So you have a long "double-knocking" heritage?

Horton: Yes, about five generations. This was my grandfather and the generations before him, however. Nobody in my mother's generation played, I guess because of coming up during the Depression. Those things happen.

So I'm a fifth-generation banjo player with the fourth removed. Such a longevity is kind of interesting

INTERVIEW BY ORAN P. SMITH

when you consider that the banjo didn't come around until 1831. My kids can frail. Now they're not *attacking* it or anything, but they can sit down and "double-knock." I figure that's my duty, to pass that on to my kids, to keep the "double knock" in the family!

Southern Partisan: So how did *Homespun Songs* come about? Did you one day find some old music in a trunk that hadn't been recorded or...

Horton: Well, first of all let me tell you how I've been making my living. I started playing in "Three on a String" when I was a junior in college, twenty-one years ago. After college, we kept the group together and played part-time. I was working as an accountant and another fellow was a principal of a school.

But it got so busy that I was never home. I was working during the day, driving several hours to a job, playing that night, getting home at two in the morning, and going to work six hours later. Often I would have to repeat the process the next night. So I had to make a decision. In 1978 I decided to become a full-time musician. It was something I had always wanted to do.

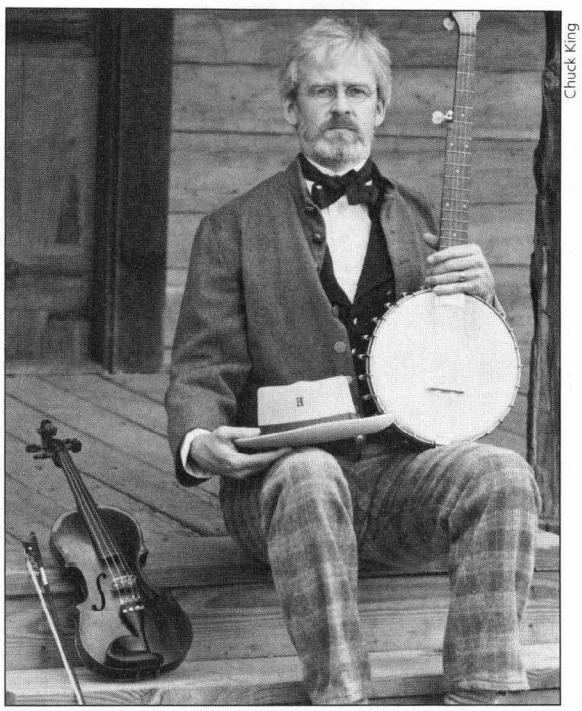
Southern Partisan: I didn't realize that "Three on a String" came first.

Horton: Yes, oh yes. We just had a twenty-year celebration last year. We brought back everyone who had played with us at one time or another. Nine people came back for an event at the Birmingham Civic Center.

Southern Partisan: So the typical "gig" for "Three on a String" would be with a symphony?

Horton: We were moving in that direction, but there's not a symphony in the United States that is not having problems right now. We only did one or two orchestras last year. Charleston, South Carolina was a hoot. I loved it. And Tupelo, Mississippi. This year we're going to play with the Biloxi symphony, and we're talking with others.

Our primary job is playing conventions. We are a musical comedy group. Trade associations, or other companies hire us to play a show for their folks after dinner. We work an average of three days a week (which is really pretty busy when you consider the travel involved). Fortunately, we get to stay close to home a lot. That affords me the time to devote to recording,



Chuck King

Chuck King

above—Although it wasn't invented until 1831, Bobby Horton's family has been playing the banjo for five generations.
below—Horton uses a number of period instruments on his *Homespun Songs*.

Southern Partisan: So how did the *Homespun* project begin?

Horton: In late 1984, I was asked by my Sons of Confederate Veterans camp to present a program of Confederate Music. And like so many people, I knew "Dixie," I knew how "The Bonnie Blue Flag" went and I had sung "Goober Peas" in grammar school in music class. But the tunes I knew were few.

I got hooked on the War in 1961 when I visited Chickamauga Battlefield. Since then, I've accumulated a pretty good library. Confederate books. History books looking through gray shades. In diaries and reminiscences these soldiers mention tunes by name. A case in point is Sam Watkins in *Company Aytch*. He writes that the army was "walking along and feeling kind of low." The next thing you know they are singing "Cheer Boys, Cheer." It's so important to Sam twenty years afterward that he remembers the verses, and lays out a verse or two in the book.

I contend that diaries and letters are important, but if you listen to Confederate songs, and study the lyrics (which incidentally never refer to slavery) you realize the whirlwind that our ancestors were caught up in. To me it's a valuable tool, because you get *words* from the diaries, but you get *feeling* from the music, and the emotion.

Back then (and truthfully, nowadays) it wasn't ma-

cho to bare emotions except in song. When these soldiers sang, they sang with feeling. You can read the effect music had on camp, it pumped them up or it brought them down. There's cases where "Just Before the Battle Mother" could not be sung because the Colonel said, "Don't you sing that song." Or the song "Adieu," which is an old French song. I've been looking for that song and can't find it, but I found a reference to the tune "Adieu" that says when the song was sung, the troops broke down because they are thinking of home.

So, you get the true feeling, the emotions of those people in what would have been the toughest time to be an American, especially if you are a Southerner, and you see your whole civilization crumble before you, and there isn't anything you can do about it, because you've done all you know to do.

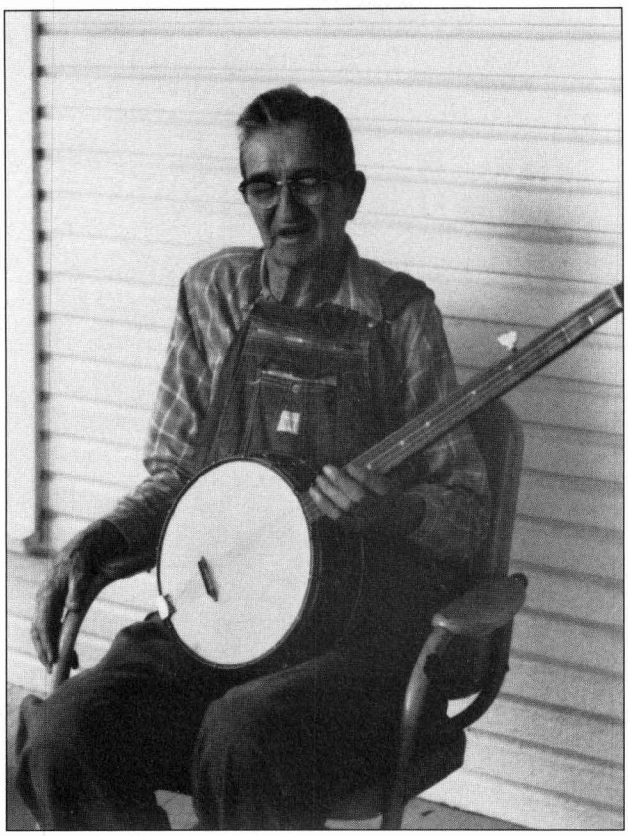
And then here comes Reconstruction. Some of the greatest songs came out of Reconstruction. That's when the bitterness really started I think. Just based on song lyrics. The venom wasn't in the Wartime lyrics like it was in the post War tunes.

Southern Partisan: Songs like "I Am A Rebel Soldier?"

Horton: Yeah. "I'm A Good Old Rebel." Innes Randolph wrote the song. He was editor of the Baltimore newspaper. He wrote it anonymously because he wanted to keep his job, I suppose. That song was originally done up tempo. "I'm a good old rebel now, that's just what I am," but it is effective sung slowly as well.

Southern Partisan: Why was music so important?

Horton: Music was important to our ancestors, simply because it was their outlet. It was their *only* outlet.



Bobby's grandfather, John Camp of Clay County, Alabama, who taught him to "double-knock."

Southern Partisan: No television, no radio, no computers, no modern technology. So how many tunes were there?

Horton: According to books I have run across, there were approximately 900 Confederate tunes published during the four year period of the War.

Southern Partisan: That's incredible.

Horton: And there were roughly 3,000 Union tunes published in the four-year period or immediately after in the Reconstruction period.

Southern Partisan: Wow. What does that tell us?

Horton: That tells you a lot. Number one, it's obvious that the only way a guy could make a living in music back then would be to write a tune and publish the sheet music. He couldn't sell records because they didn't exist. A hit was determined by how many copies of the sheet music were sold.

Southern Partisan: Yes. That's why copyright laws were so important—

Horton: Exactly. Of course, in the Confederate States of America, you don't honor a copyright from Boston and vice versa.

The point is, people back then, when they wrote music, didn't write for professional singers, or a professional band as is the case today. Back then they wrote for *people* because if there were to be music, you had to make it yourself (or you had to hang around somebody that knew how). Jubal Early said, in talking to a Union friend after the War: "If we'd have had your tunes, we'd have won that thing."

Southern Partisan: Why did the Union have so many more tunes?

Horton: Well, I don't recall General Lee taking any northern cities and shutting down publishing houses. But that was certainly the case in the South. For example, if New Orleans falls, you're not going to get any Confederate tunes out of New Orleans. New Orleans fell early. Nashville fell early too and you had publishers there. So as a town would fall, obviously the occupying army would not allow Southern tunes to be published.

Southern Partisan: Destroy the presses!

Horton: Or else just take them over, or censor what comes from them. I guess it varied. I'm sure in some cases if Sherman were involved, the press would be destroyed. But some others were reasonable, they would just monitor what came off the press.

The other reason, of course, is that the North was so much larger. You had more facilities, so therefore you had more tunes.

Southern Partisan: All of this research and ten full-length cassettes came out of an SCV camp presentation?

Horton: Yes. It started there. Here in Birmingham, we have a Southern history room in our public library. The old Tutwiler collection forms the basis of it. The patriarch of the Tutwiler family was a Confederate to

the bone, so he collected everything he could on the War, and when he passed away, the family gave the collection to the Birmingham Public Library. It is an incredible collection of everything you can imagine pertaining to the Old South. I found in that library the original sheet music to "Rose of Alabama," copyright 1846.

The Tutwiler Collection is a gold mine. I couldn't have done this without the folks at the library down there; a group of ladies, black and white, who are all proud of their heritage. One of my best friends down there is a black lady who is just Southern to the bone, and I love it. It's a great experience to go down there. Thanks to them I was able to find some tunes to do the program.

But it was kind of depressing when the program was over.

Southern Partisan: So how did you get over this "Post Program Syndrome"?

Horton: Well, I'd been working in recording studios since I was fourteen years old. I'd acquired some recording techniques and I had a few pieces of equipment here at home. So I decided I would lay the tunes down so I wouldn't lose my research. Then several people expressed a desire to have a copy of the tape. Eventually I decided there might be a market for the music because I had bought tapes before at the Shiloh Battlefield. There was some wonderful music there. For example, The Mormon Tabernacle Choir Singing Songs of the North and the South. But I just couldn't imagine a bunch of grunts sitting around the campfire singing that way. With that in mind, I decided to market "Homespun Songs" just to see if anybody were interested in it.

Chuck King

Bobby Horton is pictured with some of the instruments used to record his new Songs of the CSA, Volume V.

Southern Partisan: But you still lay down all the tracks and mix it right in your home?

Horton: Yes. That's the only way I can afford to do it. Studio time is about $100 an hour, and because I play everything and sing all the parts, it would take me a long time. I can't afford to hire musicians to play either.

What I've tried to do from the get-go is to demonstrate the different types of music that were popular during that period: parlor music, military band music, formal music, and of course, the "Irishy" kind of stuff. But mainly the campfire music, the old Southern string music.

Southern Partisan: For example, "God Save the Southern Land" might be sung in a parlor, but "Goober Peas" around the campfire.

Horton: Speaking of "Goober Peas," Camp Chase, Ohio is where "Goober Peas" was written. I have a friend up in Ohio, John Long, who's trying to save Camp Chase. There are some developers who want to put condominiums on top of it, a place where a lot of our ancestors perished at the hands of the rear echelon troops. The developers want to dig these fellows up and take them God knows where and build condominiums! But John is fighting them. He's an old Ohio boy, but he has a feeling for those Southern boys there and he's doing a good job, because so far, so good.

Southern Partisan: "Goober Peas" was written by...

Horton: Two Georgia men. John Long has two extra verses that I never sang in school that deal with prison life. There are so many amazing stories about that period, musically. "Goober Peas" made its way out of the prison camp somehow, and it spread like crazy because it was such a popular little old tune. People were singing it six months from the day it was written in prison. Troops were singing it in the Army of Tennessee and in the Army of Northern Virginia. It's just amazing the way the song got out and spread!

Southern Partisan: Was that a tune that already existed, or did they create the tune as well?

Horton: Well, you know I can't answer that. The books always show the author as "P. Nutt, Esquire."

In the early going I found a picture of The Washington Artillery band, the famous picture where they're holding their instruments. If you recall, there was a fiddle and a squeeze box, some kind of brass instrument, and a drum. And you will see soldiers holding a whole conglomeration of instruments—obviously what they brought with them.

Southern Partisan: So your instruments are period, or at least sound period.

Horton: Oh yes, oh yes. Now originally they weren't, but I've rerecorded Volume I, the original version that I released in 1985. I completely remastered the whole thing using exactly the same arrangements, trying to make it sound just like the old one, but I recorded it with better equipment and period instruments. I use a 19th century banjo, a fiddle that was my great, great great uncle Ed's, and two guitars that are from the 1800s. I have since acquired a 16" x 16" reproduction marching snare made by Cooperman Drum Company. They made it as a rope tension snare, just like it would

have been in the field.

My goal in this is to interest not only the hard core, but the people who have no interest in the War whatsoever. We hope to point them to their ancestors and say "These were real people and they were caught in a whirlwind and by golly, they're worthy. Their honor is worth preserving."

I'm trying to make my arrangements authentic. I've got the first recording of "Dixie" of Gid Tanner and his Skilletlickers. They were early, early pioneers of recording. Edison recorded them. This is probably how our Confederate ancestors sounded, for music really didn't change. Music from the early recordings shows that music hasn't changed one lick at all since the War, because there was no medium such as radio to influence people to change the way they played when they got together.

Southern Partisan: A lot of Scotch and Irish influence on our Southern music.

Horton: Oh man, yeah, that's so pervasive. That and the black influence is so incredible in our music. Those are the two strongest in the 19th century. No question about it.

Southern Partisan: How about the cover art on each cassette? You illustrate those as well?

Horton: Of course, I hand sketch all the covers like they did back them. My model for my covers are old music cover sheets. I get ideas from them and then create my own in that vein. I hand write all the liner notes just to keep with the feel of the century, to be consistent and have the homespun feel.

Homespun Songs of the CSA, Volume I was released on compact disc in April.

Southern Partisan: Well, one thing I've always liked about your music is that I get the sense that it's not produced merely for profit. It's something you really have strong feelings about. Every time we talk on the telephone you have an anecdote from the road about something that reinforces your Southern heritage—

Horton: Yes, sir.

Southern Partisan: Do you think we have something worth preserving as Southerners?

Horton: You had better believe it. I know you feel this way, or you wouldn't doing what you're doing, but I love, admire, and revere my ancestors and I know lots of people who feel the same way. And that goes for the Yankee ones I have too, from New York on my Grandma's side (my Dad's Mother came from New York).

Now, to be honest, I didn't revere my Yankee ancestors at first. When I started studying the War, I didn't want anything *blue* at all! I didn't even think about doing a Union tape. But I'd done three Confederate ones and I went by a battlefield in the winter and it was really cold out there and I got to thinking about these 18 year-old kids from Michigan, and Wisconsin. Here they were at Christmastime a long way from home, out in the cedars of middle Tennessee freezing, not home with their families. I started thinking about these kids that were doing their duty as they perceived it, and I started thinking "Who am I as a Southern person, a *committed* Southern person, to condemn somebody in the 1860s for doing his duty? Those fellows were doing what they felt was right, just like our Southern boys were. They were doing their duty. They were motivated by a lot of the same reasoning that our guys were, with a pride in that says 'I believe this, and by golly I'm going to back it up. I'm going to fight for it.'"

I've stood in the sunken road at Sharpsburg. If you stand in that sunken road, you see the crest of the hill. These Yankee boys came over the hill in wave after wave and we were just blowing them away. Thinking about these kids doing their duty. That was the only way I was able to do the Union tapes. I have an affection for those kids who fought for the North, but that doesn't diminish my Southerness one bit.

I look at it this way, if I, as a committed Southerner expect people from New England to respect my heritage and my ancestors (like James Horton who died one month after First Manassas) I owe them the same respect.

Now, I'll condemn Thaddeus Stevens eight days a week. When I did a Union tape it was not for Lincoln, it was not for Stanton. It wasn't for Chase, or Seward. It was for these unknown fellows. I have Yankee heroes like Joshua Chamberlain, who was extremely fair with my Southern ancestors. His account of the sur-

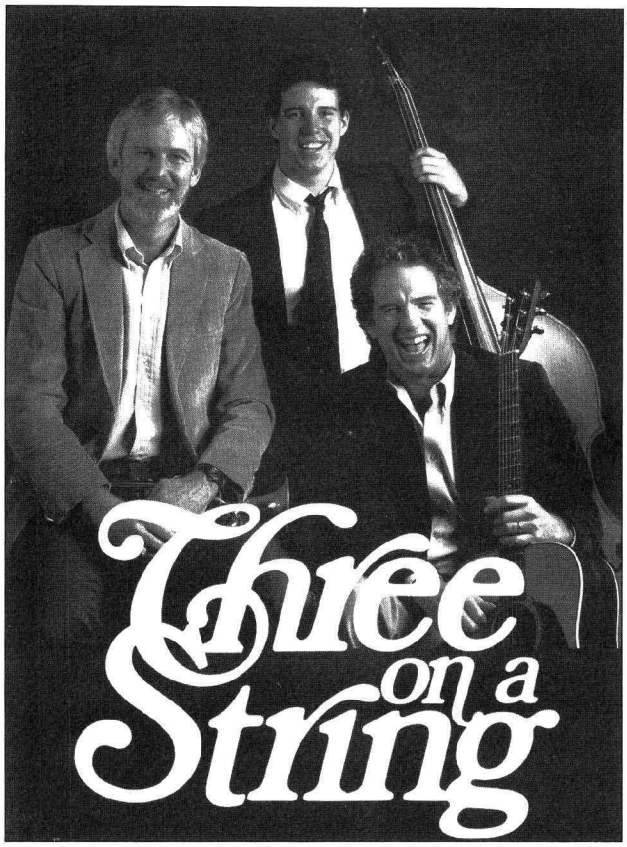
render of Lee's Army is one of the great pieces of literature. You can see and feel the affection he had for his adversary. And you've got to remember too that our ancestors, the ones that actually went on the line and fought, had a respect for the most part for their Yankee counterparts who suffered, and were out in the elements and the whole bit. Obviously they felt this way or they wouldn't have marched together in Veterans Parades or they wouldn't have shaken hands over the stone wall at Gettysburg.

Southern Partisan: What about Sherman's "Bummers"?

Horton: You can't, of course, respect the ones who burned the houses, and raped the women, and all that sort of thing. Those were the rear guard. That's always the case. But the guys that were front line fellows respected one another because they always treated their prisoners kindly, with Christian kindness. The problems came with the prison guards and the rear echelon people and the politicians.

Southern Partisan: Do you still find in your travels that there is a strong belief in Southern heritage?

Horton: You bet there is. There is, oh yes. You know when you are in the South, it's a feeling or something; a lot of it is probably self-induced. But whether you be in east Texas, or Virginia, or Georgia, or Alabama, you know when you are in the South.



Jerry Hammond

Bobby Horton, Jerry Ryan and Brad Ryan form the newest edition of "Three on a String."

I'll tell you something else. I have never experienced an anti-Southern bias among *common* people when we travel North, and I'm proud of that. Most people you run across in this country are good folks, whether you're at a gas station, a restaurant, or a hotel.

Southern Partisan: What is available now in the Bobby Horton collection?

Horton: Well, I have four Confederate tapes. In fact I just finished recording the very last tune on CSA V yesterday. I'm going to sketch the cover in Athens, Tennessee in the morning. I have three Union volumes. I have one of Christmas instrumentals and I have one of Songs of Faith from the War period, which is one of my very favorites, because those religious tunes were as important as any other songs of our ancestors, North and South.

Southern Partisan: What is the prospect of getting into compact disc technology?

Horton: Compact discs are coming. I've got CSA I at the CD plant right now. I'm going to have to slip into it, but I'm eventually going to get them all on CD. But CSA I is there now, and Union I is about to go. I'm going to go CSA I, Union I, CSA II, then Union II, and then figure out where I'm going to go from there. Eventually I'll have them all CD.

Southern Partisan: That's exciting.

Horton: Well, it really is. It's just eating up all my money. And Slick Willie scares me. Hopefully I'll get it back.

Southern Partisan: How wide is your circulation?

Horton: I hear from people from all over the world. I was getting letters before the Iron Curtain fell; sending tapes to Rumania, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland. And they're all interested in the South. Europe loves the South. It just blows my mind.

I got a letter from a gentleman named Masha that said "Please send me any reject you have, or any tape that has been returned and I'll see if I can't fix it, but I want your tapes, I can't send you money, because I can't get dollars, we can't exchange our currency for anything." I received letters from Romania and a lot of the Iron Curtain countries and this guy named Masha from Czechoslovakia. I sent him the whole set.

Southern Partisan: We do that with the magazine too.

Horton: Here, here!! That's what you've got to do. About a year and half after I sent Masha these tapes, I got a book in the mail in Czechoslovakian, a book he had written for his people about the War Between The States. The interest is just absolutely phenomenal. I've gotten calls from Costa Rica. I get calls from England. People just call wanting to talk. It's absolutely wonderful. But the South is revered in a lot of places in the world, and that Confederate Flag means freedom and "getting out from under" to a lot of folks. Apparently it still means that here too.

Southern Partisan: It sure does. Thank you, Bobby, for your time and for what you are doing to keep memory alive. We look forward to the release of *Homespun Songs, Volume V*, and to the availability of *Homespun Songs, Volume I* on compact disc. We're sure both will be hits with our readers. ☆

Confederates Below The Southern Cross

by Bonnie Sue Dilworth Jacobs

"Soldado descansa! Tua luta acabou..."

"Soldier rest! Thy warfare o'er..."

The preceding injunction is inscribed upon the tombstone of Confederate veteran Napoleon Bonaparte McAlpin in Vila Americana, Brazil. Surrounding Bonaparte McAlpin's grave are the resting places of other Southerners who emigrated to Brazil just after the War Between the States.

The graveyard is located in a former sugar plantation in Sao Paulo state. At the end of the 19th century, Georgia pines were planted to shade the graves; the pines are overshadowed now by eucalyptus. An obelisk that is a duplicate of the Jefferson Davis Memorial in Todd County, Kentucky stands above the headstones. Imprinted with the Stars and Bars, the obelisk attests to the denizens of the cemetery's unrelinquished allegiance to states' rights and to The Lost Cause.

On Sundays descendants of Confederate colonizers assemble for Protestant services at the Chapel of the "Cemtario do Campo." Upon the altar are draped the banners of Brazil, of the United States and of the Confederacy. "Dixie" is played at the service where sermons are preached in Portuguese and in English.

Four autumns ago we traveled from Texas to the "Cemetario do Compo." At the base of the Confederate monument was the name that had prompted our journey. Listed among the founders of Vila Americana was our great, great grandfather John Hancock Crisp.

After attending Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, John Crisp practiced medicine and planted cotton in Colorado County, Texas. When the War Between the States ended, he defined his choices as: conformity to an alien theory or adaptation to an alien land. In 1897 then 70 year–old John Crisp sailed for Brazil. He spent his remaining 21 years practicing medicine in a language that was not his own. He also learned to grow coffee instead of cotton.

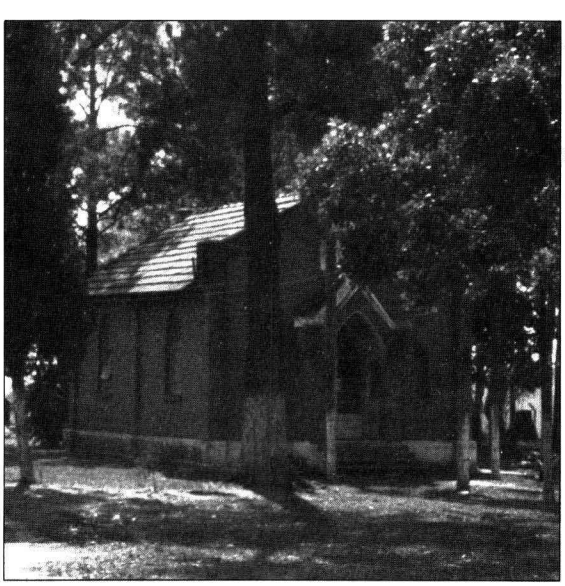
During my childhood (75 years after Dr. Crisp's embarkation for Brazil) many a summer evening at my grandparents' house in Gonzales County, Texas was devoted to pondering the fates of the Brazilian Crisps. My grandmother knew that Dr. Crisp's daughter, Jennie, had married Henry Blue. Henry's father, Dr. John H. Blue, had (by means of letters to American newspapers) exhorted citizens of the Southern and Border states to join the colonists in Sao Paulo state.

For reasons that we shall later disclose, Dr. Crisp's sons, Richard and Alexander, concealed their involvements and destinies from relatives in the states. My father and his siblings went to their graves without knowing what had become of their Brazilian cousins.

In 1982, Adilson Luis Bataglia, 6th generation descendant of Dr. Crisp, contacted the Gonzales, Texas historical society. Adilson had taught himself to speak English. He aspired to complete his medical residency in the United States, and he hoped to be reconnected with his Texas family.

A decade has elapsed since we were first contacted by Adilson. Within the time span, two trips to Brazil, the study of Portuguese, plus a number of letters from Adilson have made the exiles—who were called "Confederados" or "Sulistas" a part of our life. The legend began in 1865.

Between the years 1865–71 more than 20,000 Confederates boarded ships named "Talisman," "Vixen," "Red Gauntlet," and "Mariposa" at the port of New Orleans, New



Donald McGregor Jacobs

Confederate Chapel, Capela do Campo, Vila Americana, Brazil

York City, Mobile and Galveston. When the passengers disembarked in the town of Santos, the band played "Dixie." Sometimes the leader of the band was Emperor Dom Pedtro II. (The Emperor had been sympathetic to the Southern cause during the war. His government arranged inexpensive transportation to Brazil and offered the emigrants land at 22 cents an acre.)

Settlements were begun in the states of Espiritu Santo, Pará, Paraná, Minas Gerias, Pernambuco, Bahia and Sao Paulo. Only the colonies in Sao Paulo state—in Vila Americana and in the surrounding villages of Campinas, Bom Retiro and Santa Barbara d'Oeste—have survived. Innovative contributions from the "Confederados" have also endured.

Donald McGregor Jacobs

Confederate Monument, Cemétario do Campo
Vila Americana, Brazil

James Gaston brought the first watermelon seeds to Brazil. Col. Robert Meriwether revolutionized Brazilian agriculture with the introduction of the moldboard plow. Still in existence are at least a dozen educational institutions that were founded by the colonists.

Our knowledge of the region has been expanded by Cousin Adilson Bataglia, by Rio de Janeiro poetess Marina Carvajlo, and by Cuernavaca, Mexico author and genealogist Kent Gardien, who accompanied us on our first expedition to Brazil.

Among the books that we have collected on the "Confederados," three volumes are outstanding. Eugene Harter's *The Lost Colony of the Confederacy* (University Press of Mississippi, 1985) deals with short-lived settlement along the Amazon at Santarem. Even now, Mr. Harter notes that "certain Amazon tribes decorate their pottery with the design of Confederate flag, the result of having encountered the colonists who chose to settle in the vast jungle."

Mr. Harter states that two Confederate generals, A. T. Hawthorne and W. W. Wood emigrated to Brazil. He also writes that Ben and Dalton Yancey, sons of the Alabama secessionist, Senator William Lowndes Yancy, joined the colonists in Sao Paulo state.

Another spellbinding story is contained in William Clark Grigg's' *The Elusive Eden* (University of Texas Press, 1987). The book tells of the expedition of Texan Frank McMullan and 152 other colonists to Iguape (Sao Paulo state).

In *Elusive Eden* Mr. Griggs alluded to the affinity of character between Brazilians and Southerners. He quotes the observation that "in Brazil there existed a dignity and a hospitality...that corresponds in many respects to the lofty and generous bearing which characterized the Southern gentleman in former times. William Griggs includes a description of Frank McMullan's colonists from 1886 edition of the *Galveston Telegram*. The article describes members of the McMullan colony as "among the best citizens of Brazos, Milam, Navarro and adjacent counties."

The author of *Elusive Eden* also quotes a staffer at the *Houston Daily Telegram* who commented that "the course of the radical disunionists in Congress is having the effect to wean many a noble spirit entirely from his native land."

A definitive work on the exiles is Judith McKnight Jones' *Soldado Descansa* (Jarde 1967). The 425-page volume is written in Portuguese. *Soldada Descansa* contains a wonderful array of photographs including pictures of antebellum houses that Dr. Cicero Jones and other "Sulistas" constructed in their adopted homeland.

Mrs. Jones' family and many other families in the Vila Americana—Santa Barbara d'Oeste settlement continue to speak English with the intonations of Georgia, Texas and the Carolinas. The group, now formally organized as the "Fraternidade Descendencia Americana," meets four times a year at the "Cemetario do Campo." Third to 6th generation "Confederados" share picnics of baking powder biscuits, sweet potatoes, mustard greens and other dishes that are evocative of the South.

Some of our Brazilian kinsmen, now close to 100 in number, attend the picnics. They have not, however, retained the right to be interred in the graveyard. Dr. Crisp's sons Richard and Alexander broke the rules of the colony. In order to be buried in "Cemetario do Campo," Confederates were asked to remain in the Protestant churches, to abstain from drinking sugar cane brandy and to marry within the Anglo–Saxon settlements.

Many ethnic groups are represented among our cousins. The Crisps now called "Crispé" enjoy one another and revere the clan patriarch, Señor Anezio Crisp. Seventy years old Señor Anezio is a eucalyptus farmer at San Simao in Northern Sao Paulo state. His stately bearing and courtly ways are reminiscent of the antebellum South.

Having solved the riddle of our lost kinsmen, we often yearn to stroll again on the magnolia shaded streets of Santa Barbara d'Oeste. We reflect frequently with pride upon our cousins who dwell below the Southern cross. ☆

Bonnie Sue Dilworth Jacobs *is a columnist for her local newspaper in The Lone Star State.*

Social Science Nimrod

by Tommy Rogers

A Review of:
Gunnar Myrdal and America's Conscience: Social Engineering and Racial Liberalism, 1938–1987
by Walter A. Jackson
Univ. of North Carolina Press, 434 pages, $34.95.

A kind of scholarly Eleanor Roosevelt–Swedish Renaissance man, Dr. Gunnar Myrdal (1898–1987) was a secular religionist who pursued the grail of a New World Order with a true believer's zeal. Mesmerized by the prospect of achieving a City of Man without grace, Myrdal earnestly sought to contribute to its shape, form and direction. Myrdal's intellectual and participatory guilts are many—U.N. official, social and economic planner, proponent of detente "before it was in vogue in Washington or Moscow," inquisitor about levels–of–living in backward nations and proponent and propagandist for implementation of extortion strategies by Third World nations, social science gardylooist, ardent disarmament spokesperson, and, of course, vehement critic of "United States policy [sic] in Viet Nam."

Myrdal, from early education came to appreciate the role of Montesquieu, Diderot and Voltaire for the desirable emancipation of men from a God who is there to Man who is god and for whom the realization of man's messianic purposeful mastery of his collective destiny is sought through development of a paradigm to express man's dominance of the universe.

Myrdal's androcentric perspective of history and his Enlightenment view of man's place in the ultimate scheme of things, and the consequent molding of human kind consistent with that hermeneutic, gave social science its moral office as social scientists—priests distinguish good from evil and move upon the firmament with political implementation of a redemptive order independent of grace.

Myrdal is best known for *An American Dilemma: The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy* (1944), a 1400–page sort of mind–of–the–nation introspective imaginative leap which became a classic and influential statement of liberal orthodoxy on Negro–white relations.

In Myrdal's imagination, pluralism had such a warped effect on Negro personality and culture that black culture existed merely as a "secondary reaction" that was devoid of viability and was without value in its own right. The remedy, then, was to leach Negro society and culture of its distinctives and compel submergence into the white culture which it so ineptly parodied. Equally erroneously, he hallucinated a supposed discrepancy between the democratic–equalitarian American creed and disproportionate presence of Negroes on indices of disequalization and dysfunctional adaptation to the American environment which supposedly resulted in a psychic conflict for Americans. Myrdal was in darkness as to the Biblically based thought–form as understood and given implementation by the founding generation. He presented an ethical epistemology of the U.S. Constitution as if it were an Enlightenment document premised on human perfectibility effectuated through deified reason and motivated by a vision of racial equality and economic policy working itself out with heavy hand through the Supreme Court and a federally energized bureaucracy. Nevertheless, *An American Dilemma* conveyed the aura of being a scientific analysis by an objective European scholar. Myrdal's conception of the race question as a moral conflict, and his strategy of moral exhortation and social engineering, fell on such receptive ears that *An American Dilemma* became a handy guidebook for elite whites. Promotion of "civil rights" through federalization of community life, assimilation, patronization, block political recruitment, and "equal opportunity," became an orthodox liberal litany among American intellectuals.

An American Dilemma was so well received as an orthodox expression of liberal doctrine that it has received such epithets as "epoch making" and "the most powerful instrument of action in race relations since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." By the time of *Brown* (1954) liberal orthodoxy was so dominant in social science that the massive resistance *Brown* may have legally merited was deprived of legitimacy in the perception of most educated Americans.

Indeed, the philosophyless Earl "lock–up–the–Japs" Warren found *An American Dilemma* so much more meritorious than the Constitution that he cited it in the *Brown* decision as authority that the education of Negroes required a white infusion to be equal. While the *sorsum corda* given *An American Dilemma* was probably as much or more a refractive rather than

causative agent, it clearly was a major player in the liberal orthodoxy among intellectuals whereby the South faced the Second Reconstruction with the enmity rather than the support of its intellectual leaders.

Social engineering was the impelling calling whereby Myrdal expressed his purpose and significance as a moral being. It provided the edifice for *sursum corda* exhaltation of thoroughly humanist reason. Cut off from the transcendental and the moorings of Biblically based form, Myrdal regarded social engineering as the supreme task of social science. Claiming that "we have today in social science a greater trust in the improvability of many and society than we have ever had since the Enlightenment," his *An American Dilemma* was a religious edict by a true believer in social engineering which Myrdal set forth in global context with liberal-elitist expression of cultural arrogance.

Myrdal sought to foster a scientific world free of superstitious beliefs and prejudices and wherein "there was no place for traditional religion, mysticism, or an organic sense of community." Myrdal was remarkably insensitive to different cultures. His operative hope was to utilize the supposed "American Creed" to federalize the South and compel the kind of international respectability consistent with Myrdal's intended role for the U.S. as the fulcrum and leadership base for creation of an internationalist order. This order would feature absence of race prejudice, decolinization of countries under Western influence, and a "lasting peace" achieved through cooperative accommodation of and economic support of the Soviet Union. Myrdal would saddle T. C. Mits and his relatives in American communities with the welfare burdens of Africa, Asia and Latin America through a globalized New Deal. Myrdal sought to address the problems which the presence of Negroes created for American culture "through increased voting by blacks in the North and a shift in the stance of organized labor" via a welfare state "in which the federal government exercised greater power over many areas of life." This supposedly would give America "a spiritual power many times stronger than all her financial and military resources" and would have a salubrious impact on Europe and the rest of the world.

Myrdal and his wife Alva—herself a prominent globalist activist—were an energetic source of unleashed humanist faith. Alva was a Nobel Peace Prize recipient (1982) for her vociferousness on disarmament. Myrdal, a 1974 recipient, grumbled that he shared the prize with Friedrich von Hayek. Between them the Myrdals splashed about in "nearly every important political and social issue of the twentieth century."

As children of the Enlightenment, Jackson observes, "the Myrdals' sought to live their lives according to rational principles..." Speaking in the 1980s, estranged son Jan described the Myrdals' lives and careers as the "phony politics" of ambitious, driven people whose rhetoric about equality and morality was a pose that masked their personal ambitions for an upper-class lifestyle and for power to manipulate people with elitism and condescension.

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Upon its publication in 1944, Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* was rightly compared to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Throughout his career, Myrdal rode a wave of which *An American Dilemma* was an ergonomic aid — a visionary wave of American leadership in creating a post-war international order pinioned on Western economic largesse. American effort to preserve pluralism in South Vietnam in opposition to the hammer and sickle onslaught there was regarded by Myrdal as "immoral, illegal, cruel, even hideously criminal in the eyes of international law." He argued that American *mea culpa* on anti-communism was necessary to "regain the confidence and trust of good people everywhere in the world," and did so with the same aplomb by which he had asserted that pandering to foreign opinion in the structuring of American racial norms would undercut the appeal of Marxist escatology. He described Reagan's policies as "idiotic."

Jackson has provided an intriguing account of the emergence of *An American Dilemma* from the complex interaction of Myrdal's quest for secular salvation through social engineering and the broader currents of political, social and economic alteration. While there are some blatant misstatements of "the earth is flat" variety which stand out for their absurdity, such as "by the early 1970s the Nixon administration had dismantled what survived of Johnson's War on Poverty," Jackson provides excellent historiography by a sympathetic fellow traveler.

Jackson writes that "Myrdal was a man driven by a desire to change society..." "'your country is in a hell of a mess now,' he told me the last time I saw him." Quite so. Social engineering and the mentality by which that mystique is energized, has wrought results. Ideas do have consequences. ☆

Tommy W. Rogers *lives and occasionally writes from his home in Jackson, Mississippi.*

The Pennsylvania Confederate

by Brenan R. Nierman

A Review of:
Pemberton
by Michael B. Ballard
University Press of Mississippi, 1991, 250 pages.

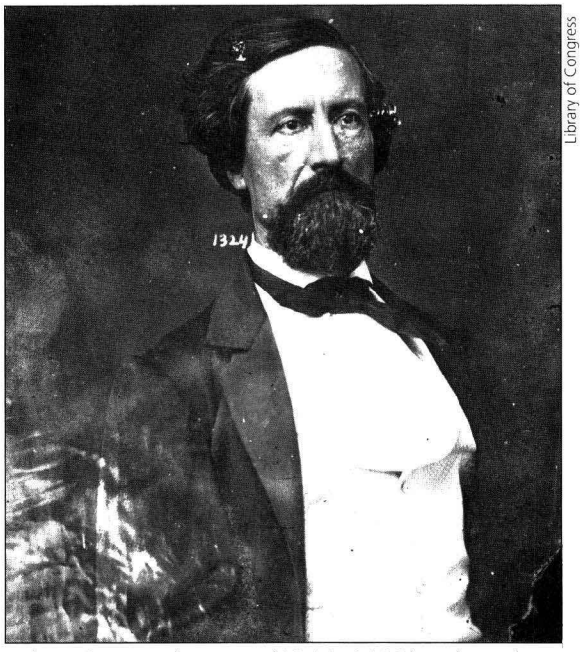
John C. Pemberton (1814-1882) is probably best known to casual students of the War Between the States for being born in Philadelphia and surrendering Vicksburg to General Grant. This is the first major biography of the defender of Vicksburg to be published in 49 years and for this reason alone, it is a welcome addition to bibliographies of the war.

Although Vicksburg occupies the central place in the book, Michael Ballard has done more than merely retell the story of the campaign. Utilizing papers and manuscripts that were not consulted by Pemberton's previous biographer (his grandson), Ballard has concentrated primarily upon giving us a portrait of Pemberton the man. He finds him an odd bundle of contradictions, "proud, arrogant, boastful . . . [a] caring husband and doting father, [a] congenial, socializing friend, and [an] ostracized, frustrated soldier."

The reason for the ostracism, of course, lies in the fact that this Philadelphia native chose to side with the Confederacy. Why did he do it? Ballard shows that the story that Pemberton was a firm supporter of states' rights is largely a myth. The portrait of Pemberton as a disciple of John C. Calhoun was served up by Jubal Early (a classmate of Pemberton's at West Point) Richard Taylor and John Pemberton, Jr., primarily, Ballard implies, for the purpose of countering accusations made by some Southerners that the Northern-born Pemberton had betrayed the Confederacy at Vicksburg. In point of fact, Pemberton was neither traitor to the South nor states' rights man; he fought for the South for an even more "Southern" reason than the love of liberty.

In 1848, the 33 year-old veteran of the Mexican War married Martha "Pattie" Thompson of Norfolk. Virginia had attracted Pemberton as a place to live ten years before, but his marriage to a young lady who was distinctively Southern in sentiment would be the decisive factor in his decision to fight for the South. As Ballard puts it, the "choice ultimately came down to fighting for the North or for Pattie, and for John Pemberton that was no choice at all... Pattie had made clear where her heart lay, and he would have never turned against her. His political orientation had no doubt been influenced during their years of marriage so there could be some small credence to the myths of his antebellum views. But he was never as dogmatic as his apologists claimed. He wore gray because of Pattie."

Casting his lot with the South, Pemberton rose quickly through the ranks. There is some mystery as to how this occurred; Ballard indicates that Joseph E. Johnston probably sponsored Pemberton early in the war, and he was also a favorite of President Davis's. As he was promoted, however, he was being assigned to duties for which he was definitely not suited. But this did not become clear until it was too late.



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John C. Pemberton (1814–1882), though a Philadelphian, fought for the South and for his wife Pattie, a Southern belle.

Pemberton, Ballard emphasizes, was at his very best as an administrator. He was certainly not suited for field command; and this is shown in his penchant for removing himself so far from the field of operations that effective control of his command became impossible. In addition to this, he was handicapped by the system of command in the West: to whom, exactly, was Pemberton responsible? Placed in charge of the Department of the Mississippi and East Louisiana, he reported regularly to Richmond but when General Johnston arrived on the scene there were

Harper's

Pemberton and Grant "interview" each other in the version of the Vicksburg surrender presented in Harper's History of the Great Rebellion.

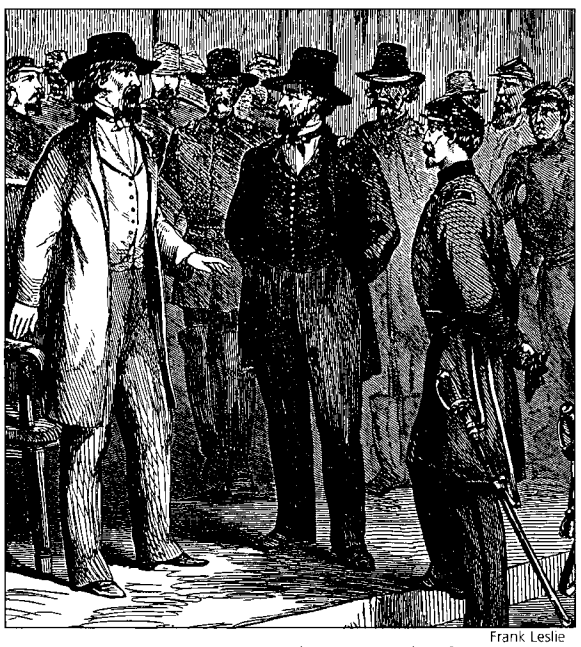
misunderstandings that were due in part to the fact that Pemberton maintained his direct communication with the Confederate capital.

This confusion of command compounded the problems that the system of departmental organization posed: a defense of Vicksburg would obviously entail a consideration of that portion of Louisiana directly across the river, but this was in General Theophilus Hunter Holmes's Department of the Trans-Mississippi. To make matters worse, Johnston had been given authority over Pemberton and Braxton Bragg (who by mid-November 1862 had retreated from Kentucky into central Tennessee), but had no authority whatsoever over Holmes. The loss of Vicksburg, Ballard gently implies by going into all of this, was not the fault of Pemberton alone. General Johnston comes in for his share of criticism; in perhaps the most severe sentences in the entire book, Ballard writes (regarding the last stages of the campaign) that the "truth was that Johnston never had any intention of trying to save Vicksburg or its defenders. As usual when a bold, offensive maneuver was necessary, Johnston found every excuse not to move."

The weakest part of the book is Ballard's attempt to apply one side of a debate over Confederate strategy without letting the reader in on various points and nuances of that debate. And even though this book is more a biography of the man than an account of military operations, the reader deserves an adequate account and critique of the formative ideas that governed Pemberton's mind than Ballard has given us. His apparent recommendation for Pemberton to follow in the Mississippi Department would be that Pemberton focus more on uniting Confederate forces in the area to deliver a decisive blow to the Federals. This would, of course, run the risk of losing the city, a result that was unacceptable to President Davis. What in fact happened was that Pemberton essentially waited until it was too late, with this approach. Ballard suggests Pemberton was doomed when Grant crossed the Mississippi. And he had been fatally handicapped because he had, from Robert E. Lee, learned the necessity of defending such places as Charleston and Vicksburg. As Ballard tells it, these lessons reduced Pemberton's options and prevented him from undertaking anything like the strategy that he should have employed. The problem is that Ballard never really gives us an argument as to why the options not taken would have been any better than the strategy actually pursued.

The work as a whole is a rather flat portrait of a man who was at best an average soldier, unjustly suspected of treason, and assigned to a command far beyond his competence. Pemberton would have been almost certainly more in his element at a desk than on a battlefield. Were that the case, it is unlikely that he would be the subject of a biography today. That Ballard has not made his subject more appealing as a person is probably more the fault of Pemberton than his biographer; because his family traveled with him to his various posts during the war, there is not much extant on his relationship with Pattie, and, given that it was this more than anything else that led Pemberton to fight for the Confederacy, this is a disappointment. Ballard does render Pemberton's reputation a deserved service, however, in making it clear that it took much more than his own military shortcomings to make Vicksburg the failed campaign that it was. ☆

Brenan Nierman *is a doctoral candidate at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.*



Frank Leslie

Gen. Grant meets Gen. Pemberton at the Stone House inside the Confederate works at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

BOOK NOTES *by Bryant Burroughs*

Earl K. Long: the Saga of Uncle Earl and Louisiana Politics
by Michael L. Kurtz and Morgan D. Peoples.
LSU Press, 1992, 312 pages, $9.95.

In this first full biography of Earl Long, the two-term governor of Louisiana emerges from the shadow of his older brother Huey, the legendary Kingfish. Earl Long dominated Louisiana politics for four decades, from 1918 when he helped Huey run for a seat on the state railroad commission, until 1960 when he died only a week after winning an upset victory for Congress. Political machines, corruption, and stump campaigns drove Louisiana politics, and "ole Earl" was a master of all three. As the *Atlanta Journal* complained after a Long gubernatorial victory: "And now with Governor Earl Long, Louisiana returns to 'normalcy.' Louisiana is a Caribbean republic again."

Long built a powerful political machine so dominant in Louisiana politics that election to any political office, whether governor or sheriff or county tax assessor, required endorsement by Earl Long, and all candidates paid for the privilege of campaigning on the Long ticket. He conceived the deduct system, in which state employees "contributed" 5–10% of their paychecks to the well-filled Long campaign chest. Corruption was a natural part of the political process, and the Long machine cooperated with organized crime in gambling and prostitution operations, and accepted kickbacks from oil and gas interests doing business with the state.

But Kurtz and Peoples also reveal Earl Long as a man who, unlike his brother, remembered his rural roots in Winn parish, which included some of the poorest people in Louisiana. Long learned the populist gospel at the dinner table from his father, "old Hu," and as governor he vastly expanded state services in tranportation, health, education, and welfare. He built roads, bridges, hospitals and hundreds of new public schools. He gave children free schoolbooks and gave teachers tenure, retirement, and pay increases. He gave free hospital care to the poor, relief from property taxes to the middle class, and old age pensions to the elderly.

His programs appealed to both black and white, particularly the poor black and white farmers in rural Louisiana. Although he supported segregation, Long believed that state public spending should benefit all citizens regardless of color, and this stance won him 80–90% of black votes.

Kurtz and Peoples have provided a well-researched look at Long's controversial personal life, his adept manipulation of the legislature, and his concern for the common farmers of Louisiana. The book is a worthy addition to the Southern Biography Series published by LSU Press.

—B. B.

Capitol Games: Clarence Thomas, Anita Hill, and the Story of a Supreme Court Nomination
by Timothy M. Phelps and Helen Winternitz.
Hyperion, 1992, 458 pages.

When the surprising retirement letter of Thurgood Marshall arrived at the White House at lunchtime on June 27, 1991, President Bush was presented the opportunity to solidify the conservative restructuring of the Supreme Court begun by Ronald Reagan. Few within the Bush administration doubted who would succeed Marshall, the first black to serve on the court and the last liberal holdover from the Earl Warren court. Clarence Thomas, a black attorney from Pin Point, Georgia, had been groomed for a decade as he rose from chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit.

This book is the first to relate the tumultuous events of the 115 days between the nomination of Clarence Thomas and his confirmation as the 106th justice and the 36th Southerner to sit on the nation's highest court. Unfortunately, the authors are liberal journalists who joined with Democratic senate staffers and radical activist groups in attempting to defeat Thomas' nomination. Their book is nothing but a heavy-handed personal attack on Thomas and all who supported his nomination.

As an indication of Phelps' and Winternitz' prejudices, the perjorative descriptions "right-wing," "far right," or "radical right" occur scores of times, yet the corresponding left-wing descriptions never appear, despite pages devoted to the efforts of such radical-left organizations as People for the American Way, Women's Legal Defense Fund, and Alliance for Justice. The authors deride Clarence Thomas as "fractured," because his first wife was black and his second white; because he was reared a Baptist, attended a Catholic college, and now belongs to "an extreme branch of Episcopalianism that condemned abortions"; and because his new black Corvette, fondness for cigars, and dedication to weightlifting obviate his poor Georgia background.

All who supported Thomas' nomination are smeared with Phelps' and Winternitz' broad brush. A black conservative lawyer who worked for the Thomas nomination among civil rights organizations is described as "quirky." The willing-

ness of Kenneth Duberstein, former chief of staff under Ronald Reagan, to manage the White House campaign for Thomas, just as he had for David Souter's nomination, is attributed to a desire to enhance his consulting business. Lee Liberman, the gentle and bright White House staffer who counseled Bush on judicial nominees is criticized as a "right-wing Rasputin bent on pushing the White House ever more toward the far edge of conservatism."

Even senators are not spared such smears. Republican Arlen Specter's tough questioning of Anita Hill is described as "pandering to conservatives" because he needed their support in his upcoming re-election campaign, which is also the reason given for Alabama's Richard Shelby voting to confirm Thomas. (Shelby and other Southern Democratic senators saved the nomination in the 52-48 final tally.)

Phelps boasts that he was the "first reporter to break the news of Anita Hill's charges." After weeks of researching every speech, article, and interview by Thomas, questioning his family and neighbors and ex-wife, reviewing the seven-minute tape of his divorce proceedings, and even searching the garage of his home in which Thomas stored the overflow from his large collection of books, all that his opponents had was Anita Hill's charges of sexual harassment. Phelps printed Hill's charges after a confidential FBI file was leaked by someone on the staff of a Democratic senator on the Judiciary Committee, despite the fact that leading Democrats on the committee considered Hill's charges unsubstantiated. But Phelps was driven by political ideology and the knowledge that a journalist can make a career by destroying a Supreme Court candidate.

Flanking the white marble steps that lead upward to the majestic columns at the front entrance to the Supreme Court stand two gigantic figures. One figure is a woman representing justice and the other figure is a man representing the authority of law. Phelps and Winternitz seem to be familiar with neither.

—B. B.

The Glory and the Power: The Fundamamentalist Challenge to the Modern World
by Martin E. Marty and R. Scott Appleby
Beacon Press, 1992, 256 pages, $15.00/$30.00.

To many scholars, Protestant Fundamentalism is a Northern phenomenon, the separatist reaction of conservative parishioners to liberalizing influences in mainline Northern denominations. The Dwight Moodys, the W.J. Bryans, the Charles Finneys, and the Bible Conference Movement *was* American Fundamentalism. This book, the companion volume to the PBS-NPR series of the same title, corrects this oversight. The featured fundamentalists in *The Glory and the Power*, Bob Jones, Jr. of Bob Jones University and Randall Terry of Operation Rescue, are both based in the South. (Jones' father, a South Alabama tent evangelist, was named for a Confederate soldier.)

But these Southerners have different views of the world, views which neatly reflect the divergent opinions in twentieth century fundamentalism. For Bob Jones, the mission of Protestant Fundamentalism is to reach each soul one by one through the ministry of the local church and its related agencies. This accomplished, our nation will be returned to decency and its politics will reflect a renewed Christian influence. Randall Terry (who would perhaps feel less comfortable with the term Fundamentalist) demands that Fundamentalists "take back the culture" of the lost nation through the political activism bordering on civil disobedience characteristic of his pro-life Operation Rescue. Simply put, while Terry would march around the walls of Jericho, Jones would prefer to "plant" more churches.

Marty and Appleby, who have released in the last two years two other books on Fundamentalism (the first two of a three-book series entitled *Fundamentalisms Observed* which seeks to describe Fundamentalism in Judaism, Islam and Christianity) seem to have stumbled onto a disagreement on tactics among Fundamentalists that is surprisingly analogous to the political schism that led to the War Between the States. The Jones' "ole time religion" strategy seems more Southern. It is more time consuming, but it is more deep than wide. The Terry paradigm, with its willingness to break the law to save unborn children, seems more consistent with the impatient "higher law" ranting of Lincoln that led to an abandonment of the Constitution and to the selling of the shallow notion of a holy war against slavery. Given a difficult subject, the authors have produced a book that is both thorough and fair.

—Oran P. Smith

The Guns of the South
by Harry Turtledove.
Ballentine, 1992, 300 pages, $18.50.

In the spring of 1864, General Robert E. Lee and a weakened Army of Northern Virginia were bracing themselves for the next Federal drive on to Richmond. Faced with dwindling resources and manpower, Lee knew that the Confederacy was being bled to death and that the struggle for Southern independence was grinding down to a series of desperate last ditch fights. Lee would face a Federal juggernaut that would surely come in the spring, but even his military genius could not ward off the sleek well-equipped Yankees forever.

Suppose, however, that Lee's soldiers were miraculously supplied with automatic weapons—100,000 of them!

In *The Guns of the South*, Harry Turtledove has skillfully created a story that every Southerner has contemplated—what would have happened if Confederate soldiers

had been armed with 20th Century weapons? Coupled with superior Southern leadership, the War would certainly have reached a different conclusion.

Turtledove has done an exceptional job in answering that question by painting vivid and thrilling battle scenes of Confederate soldiers, armed with AK 47's, destroying Union battalions, brigades, and corps. (The reader will find the battle for Washington D.C. and the capture of Abe Lincoln of particular interest.)

What makes *The Guns of the South* especially thought-provoking is that it goes beyond the battlefield and attempts to answer the attendant questions that a Southern victory would have obviously entailed. Turtledove's ultimate conclusion in following the early years of the victorious Confederate States of America is most certainly accurate—the author demonstrates that slavery would have been ultimately abolished in a civilized and legal manner, as it had in other former European and British Colonies. In this vein, Turtledove has done an outstanding job in gauging the participation and influence of General Lee in shaping the policies of the new Southern republic. *The Guns of the South* literally hinges on the character of R E. Lee. As the first post-War president of the Confederate States of America, Lee represents the true spirit of all that is noble and good about the South.

The only disturbing aspect of *The Guns of the South* is the author's approach for getting the modern weapons into Confederate hands. Using a time machine, a group of terrorists from South Africa travel back in time to supply the guns to General Lee. Fully expecting Lee and all Southerners to share their ideology, they supply the AK-47's to the Confederates in the hopes that an independent Southern nation would perpetuate slavery for an indefinite time. When this does not happen, they are shocked and seek revenge.

The logic of this story is hard to follow-surely with their knowledge of the past the time travellers must have known that the War was not over slavery and that most Southerners did not even own slaves. In short, if they were competent students of history, they must have known that slavery and hatred for blacks was not why the South fought and that their scheme to make the Confederacy a racist state would therefore never be fulfilled. Perhaps, however, in planning for their trip back in time, the time travelers were only exposed to the revisionist histories of the War Between the States, i.e., McPherson's *Battle Cry of Freedom*, Nolan's *Lee Reconsidered*, or even Ken Burns' *The Civil War*. If such revisionist historians were their sources of information about the South, then, of course, it is totally understandable that the time travelers would assume that their scheme would work. They should have read Douglas Southall Freeman and saved themselves the trip.

—Jeffrey F. Addicott.

The Roots of American Order
by Russell Kirk.
Regnery Gateway, 1992, 540 pages, $14.95.

In the name of the inverted religion of political ideology, the media and the academy have rejected the Western tradition that has been the intellectual grounding of the American social order for two centuries. In its place is positioned multiculturalism, whose fundamental tenet is that any non-Western culture is superior to Western culture by definition.

Against this confusion, Regnery Gateway has published a paperback third edition of Russell Kirk's classic examination of "permanent things," expressed through "the wisdom of our ancestors." In his purpose, Kirk follows Patrick Henry, who in 1775 told the patriot planters of Virginia: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience."

Kirk's task is to examine the intertwined roots from which the American order grew. Beginning with the Hebrew understanding of the religious roots of private and public moral order, he moves to the classical Greek maxim that order in the soul produces order in the republic, and to the stern virtues of Rome's "mores majorum," the ancestral ways. In a brief history of Christendom, Kirk traces the thought of St. Augustine, the divines of the medieval age, and the Reformers, all of whom labored to build the City of God. Finally he comes to England, in which the Tower of London, Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral symbolize king, representative government, and religion—the triad that guarantees what Edmund Burke called "the chartered rights of Englishmen." It was the great English law and constitution that "in God's good time" flourished within the Thirteen American Colonies.

Although Kirk devotes eight chapters in the Colonial experience that produced the "most perfect Union" of the Philadelphia Convention, he fails to mention the Southerners who in 1861 sought to restore the Union to that which the Framers envisioned. As one Southern senator remarked in his farewell speech upon being called home by withdrawal of his state from the union, "from the Constitution as our Fathers made it, there breathes not a secessionist." But Kirk ignores the Southern Confederacy and instead lavishes praise on Abraham Lincoln.

If the United States is to recover from the legacy of Lincoln—which is a leviathan federal government that treats states like subjects and intrudes upon every aspect of its citizens' lives—then true patriots must defeat the barbarians who dominate American politics and culture. Andrew Lytle once warned: "And the time is not far off when the citizens of this one-time Republic will be crying "What can I do to be saved?" Kirk has presented the roots of the answer. ☆

—B. B.

Southern SAMPLER

ON THE LAND

...Jefferson had said that the pursuit of happiness was possible only where every man owned the fields he worked.
—*Andrew Nelson Lytle*

ON OBEDIENCE

Obedience to lawful authority is the fountain of manly character.
—*R.E. Lee, President, Washington College*

ON ROBERT E. LEE

...a wholly human gentleman, the essential elements of whose positive character were two and only two—simplicity and spirituality.
—*Douglas Southall Freeman*

ON YANKEE TROOPS

It is scarcely fair...to call them Yankees, for nine–tenths of them are foreigners sent as substitutes of the native–born patriots who thus would bleed vicariously for the Union.
—*Charles M. Blackford, Captain, 2nd Virginia Calvary, CSA*

ON BIG GOVERNMENT

Our country is too large to have all its affairs directed by a single government.
— *Thomas Jefferson to Gideon Gray, August, 1800*

—compiled by William Freehoff

Anguished ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

A collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

The following selections are from high school English teacher Richard Lederer's book *Anguished English: An Anthology of Accidental Assaults Upon Our Language.* All are unretouched by any professional humorist.

MODERN DAY MALAPROPISMS

When people misuse words in an illiterate but humorous manner, we call it the result a malapropism (French, *mal a propos*—"not appropriate"). The term springs from the name of a character in Richard Sheridan's comedy "The Rivals," written in 1775, and has come to stand for the kind of linguistic maladroitness exemplified in the statements below.

Mrs. Malaprop was an "old weather-beaten she-dragon" who took special pride in her use of the King's English: "Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs!" She meant that if she comprehended anything, it was the use of her oral tongue and a nice arrangement of epithets.

It has been more than 200 years since Mrs. Malaprop first strode onto the stage, but time has not dulled our malpropensity for utter malapropisms. As evidence of this insertion—oops! I mean assertion—I present my favorite modern examples of big word abusage:

* I am priviledged to speak at this millstone in the history of this college.
* Medieval churches were supported by flying buttocks.
* He's a wealthy typhoon.
* I suffer from a deviant septum.
* His 90 year-old grandmother still has all her facilities.
* I saw all those old testament houses.
* Poe's romance with Mrs. Stanard was purely plutonic.
* She has unmedicated gall.
* In many states, murderers are put to death by electrolysis.
* At the university, three classes of professors compromise the teaching staff.
* The corporation has set up rules for the employees, and we expect you to live up to them sacrilegiously.
* That needs some thinking about. Let me go away and regurgitate for a couple of hours.
* I have been a prostrate patient for many years.
* Senators are chosen as committee chairmen on the basis of senility.
* Apartheid is a pigment of the imagination.
* Life begins at contraception.

Anguished English **is published in the South by Wyrick and Co., 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, SC 29402.**

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS *by Rod Gragg*

Decision in the West: The Atlanta Campaign of 1864.
By Albert Castel.
665 pages, University of Kansas Press, $29.95.

In September of 1864, General William T. Sherman issued orders forcing the entire civilian population of Atlanta—men, women and children—to leave their homes and evacuate their city. Federal troops then set fire to much of deserted Atlanta. Confederate General John Bell Hood called the act an excess in "studied and ingenious cruelty." U.S. General-in-Chief Henry W. Halleck, however, commended Sherman: "Your mode of conducting war is just the thing we want now. We have tried the kid glove policy long enough." It's this attention to detail and its encompassing scope that makes Albert Castel's new work a comprehensive, perhaps definitive, account of the Atlanta Campaign. The fall of Atlanta and its vital Deep South railway facility was a crippling blow to the South, ranking with Gettysburg and Vicksburg. It also insured Lincoln's re-election, gave new energy to the war-weary North, and left Sherman and his army poised to make the infamous "March to the Sea."

Perhaps the most important contribution of this impressive book is the author's neo-revisionist portrait of Sherman. Condemned by generations of Southerners for making war on civilians, and praised by revisionist scholars for the same reason, Sherman is depicted in this work as a successful, but over-cautious and generally over-rated military commander. Says Castel: "He was, in short, a general who did not like to fight." That view may be supported by the popular image of Sherman. Ironically, or perhaps appropriately, Sherman is remembered best today by those who love him and those who loathe him as the general who earned his fame and enjoyed his greatest success in waging war against unarmed civilians.

The Life of Fightin' Joe Wheeler.
By John P. Dyer.
275 pages, LSU Press, $14.95.

He was only 5'5" and weighed about 120 pounds, but Joe Wheeler was a cavalry man with few equals. By age 26, he was a Confederate major general, and for most of the war he was chief of cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. Wounded three times, he was in many ways a younger version of Stuart, Hampton or Forrest. Unlike the others, his military career included service in the post-war U.S. Army, commanding Federal cavalry in the Spanish-American War. Historian John P. Dyer, author of *The Gallant Hood*, chronicles Wheeler's remarkable life in this new paperback edition of the 1961 biography. Praised for its research, Dyer's profile of Wheeler is also a well-written work. And few young officers in Confederate service deserve a biography more than Wheeler.

Gray Raiders of the Sea.
By Chester Hearn.
351 pages, McGraw-Hill, $24.95.

Among the greatest of the Northern advantages during the War for Southern Independence was the U.S. Navy. The plucky, innovative Confederate Navy was simply unable to match its Northern counterpart in resources and impact as an instrument of war. Nothing in the Northern naval arsenal, however, had a greater record of success than the Confederacy's collection of naval cruisers. Eight Southern cruisers destroyed more than 110,000 tons of Northern shipping and dealt the Northern shipping industry a stunning blow.

Author Chester Hearn tells the dramatic story of the eight deadly Southern vessels which devastated Northern maritime commerce.

Some of the eight are familiar—the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, the *Shenandoah*; others, like the *Chickamauga*, are less known. Hearn deals with each in fascinating detail, charting the history of eight ships that wrecked Northern maritime commerce. Aided greatly by its modern navy, the North overwhelmed the South after four years of conflict. The Southern defeat of Northern shipping, however, would last for almost 80 years.

General William J. Hardee: Old Reliable.
By Nathaniel C. Hughes, Jr.
328 pages, LSU Press, $14.95.

Few men were as influential in the War Between the States as Confederate General William J. Hardee. He was a corps commander in the Army of Tennessee with a commendable record at major engagements like Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro and Atlanta. Hardee's primary influence on the war did not come from his conduct in battle, however, but from his pre-war publication *Light Infantry Tactics*, written while he was an officer in the pre-war U.S. Army. *Hardee's Tactics*, as the manual was popularly known, became the principal handbook for infantry officers on both sides. Hughes' biography of Hardee was first published almost 30 years ago; now it is reprinted in paperback by LSU Press. It's a valuable profile of one of the war's most important participants. ☆

Rod Gragg *is the author of* The Illustrated Confederate Reader *and* Confederate Goliath.

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DIVIDING LINE *by Patrick J. Buchanan*

The Brutish Intolerance That Threatens a Flag

Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book has been rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street and building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And the process is continuing day by day and minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right.
—George Orwell, 1984

That spirit of brutish intolerance, of Big Brother's 1984, lives on today—in the sleepless campaign to purify American history and extirpate the controversial symbols of America's past.

We see that spirit in the removal of Custer's name from the battlefield where he fell, in the filth poured on the memory of the explorer who discovered America, in the vanishing of Washington's Birthday from our national calendar—and its replacement with something called "President's Day."

But the special target is any and all symbols of the nation that lived on this continent, for four years, and passed into history at Appomattox, perishing along with one-in-four of her sons.

Pandering to the spirit of Orwell's Ministry of Truth, Georgia Governor Zell Miller sought to rip the replica of the Confederate Battle Flag, under which his own ancestors fought, out of Georgia's state flag. Enraged Georgians arose, and Miller's maneuver has suffered the fate of McDowell's army at First Manassas.

Miller's defeat is a victory for truth—and true tolerance. For the mindset that will not permit men to honor the symbols of their heritage, history, ancestry and culture is a totalitarian mindset.

The NAACP, the leader of the campaign against the symbols of the Old South, claims the battle flag represents a "tyrannical evil." Does Zell Miller believe that? That flag was not raised over slave quarters or slave auctions. It was raised over battlefields—battlefields upon which hundreds of thousands gave their lives in the war for Southern independence.

"Why do you keep fighting?" a wounded Confederate was asked late in the war by his Union captor. "Because you are here!" came the defiant reply.

That is what the war was about: the right of Southern states to break free of the government of Mr. Lincoln and his Congress of Radical Republicans, the way the Founding Fathers had broken free of Parliament and George III.

If the South would only stay in the Union, Mr. Lincoln offered, he would support a constitutional amendment to protect slavery forever.

The South refused Lincoln's offer; and, because the North would not let her go in peace, the war came.

And if the flag under which Confederate armies fought must go, because their cause was "evil," surely we ought to tear off the face of Stone Mountain the images of Lee and Jackson, her captains. But why stop there? Let us proceed to Rushmore and dynamite off that mountain face the images of the slaveholders Washington and Jefferson.

From there, we can drive to Gettysburg, and destroy the statues that stand on the Confederate side, because, after all, it was that Southern Cross they marched under—over the mile-long field into the Union guns at Cemetery Ridge.

Where does it all end, fellow Americans?

The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and many who signed it and pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to defend it, were slaveholders, as was the Virginian who wrote the Constitution and the Virginian who presided over the convention.

In the minds and hearts of those who revere it, the battle flag does not stand for the wrong of slavery, or segregation, but for an indomitable will, and the uncommon valor of Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, and Cold Harbor.

Has that flag been exploited, used to taunt black people, flown over unworthy causes? Indeed, it has. But so, too, has the Stars and Stripes. And, dreadful things, too, have been done by men under a Cross of Christ. But, if we abandon every symbol that has been abused, we will have nothing left to remind us of who we are, or whence we came.

Often, we are told that we must appreciate the "gorgeous mosaic" that is America, and appreciate the diversity behind our unity. Fair enough. But, if we must make room in our song books for "We Shall Overcome," why is there no room for "Dixie"?

It is time that those preaching tolerance practiced a little.

All over the world, men are attracted to The Lost Cause. Not because of the wrong of slavery, but because of the brilliance of her captains, the bravery of her soldiers, the character of her people, and the love they bore the country for which they gave all they had. If foreigners can understand, why can't we? ☆

Pat Buchanan *is a sydicated columnist living in McLean, Virginia.*

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